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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

When You See Me You Know Me

By Samuel Rowley

Date of earliest known edition 1605

Date of original of this Facsimile 1613
(*B.M.*, *C* 34. *e*. 2.)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

When You See Me You Know Me

By Samuel Rowley

1605

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

When You See Me You Know Me

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1613

This facsimile is a reproduction of the 1613 *edition, a reprint of the* 1605 *issue, now in the British Museum. First issued in* 1605 *there were reprints in* 1613, 1621 *and* 1632. *Bodley has all four; the B.M. has only the second and fourth, the first-named of these in a better state than all others—hence the selection for this series.*

All that is known of the author is narrated by Sir Sidney Lee in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

In spite of recent adverse atmospheric conditions (Feb. 1913*), the reproduction is recorded as "good."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

WHEN YOV SEE ME, You know me.

Or the famous Chronicle Historie of king *Henrie* the Eight, with the birth and vertuous life of EDVVARD *Prince of Wales.*

As it was playd by the high and mightie Prince of Wales *his servants.*

By SAMVELL ROVVLY, servant to the Prince.

AT LONDON,

Printed for *Nathaniell Butter*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard neare S. *Austines* gate. 1613.

When you ſee mee,

You know mee.

¶ *Enter the Cardinall with the Embaſſadors of France, in all State and royalty, the Purſe and Mace before him.*

Woolſey.

Entlemen giue leaue : you great Embaſſadors,
From *Francis* the moſt Chriſtian King of *France*:
My Lord of *Paris*, and Lord *Bonevet*,
Welcome to England : ſince the King your maiſter
Intreates our furtherance to advance his peace;
Giving vs titles of high dignitie,
As next elect to Romes Supremacie.
Tell him we haue ſo wrought with Engliſh *Henry*
(Who, as his right hand loues the Cardinall)
That vn-delaid, you ſhall haue audience:
And this day will the King in perſon ſit
To heare your meſſage, and to anſwere it.

Boneuet. Your grace hath done vs double curteſie:
For ſo much doth the King our maiſter long,
To haue an anſwere of this Embaſſage.
As minutes are thought months till we returne.

Paris. And that is the cauſe his highneſſe moues your grace,
To quicke diſpatch betwixt the King and him:
And for a quittance of your forwardneſſe,
And hopefull kindneſſe to the Crowne of *France*,
Twelue reverent Biſhops are ſent poſt to Rome,

Both from his highnesse and the Emperour,
To moue *Campeius* and the Cardinals,
For your election to the papall throne,
That *Woolsies* head may were the tripall Crowne.
Wool. Wee thanke his highnesse for remembring vs.
And so salute my Lord the Emperour,
Both which (if *Woolsie* be made Pope of Rome)
Shall be made famous through all Christendome.
How now *Bonner*.

¶ *Enter Bonner.*

Bon. Sir *William Compton* from his highnesse comes,
To do a message to your excellence.
Wool. Delay him a while, and tell him we are busie,
Meane time my Lords you shall withdraw your selues,
Our private conference must not be knowne,
Let all your gentlemen in their best array,
Attend you brauely to King *Henries* Court,
Where we in person presently will meete you:
And doubt not wele prevaile successfully.
Bone. But hath your grace yet moued his highnesse sister,
For kind acceptance of our Soveraignes loue.
Wool. I haue, and by the Kings meanes finisht it,
And yet it was a taske, I tell yee Lords,
That might haue been imposed to *Hercules*,
To win a Ladie of her spirit and yeares.
To see her first loue crowned with silver haires,
As old King *Lewes* is, that bedrid lies,
Vnfit for loue, or worldly vanities.
Bon. But tis his Countries peace the King respects.
Wool. We thinke no lesse, & wee haue fully wrought it,
The Emperours forces that were leuied,
To invade the frontyres of loe Burgondie,
Are staid in Brabant by the Kings commaund,
The Admirall *Hayward* that was lately sent,
With threescore saile of ships and pinaces,
To Batter downe the townes in Normandy,
Is by our care for him, cald home againe:
Then doubt not of a faire successfull end,

Since

Since *Woolsie* is esteemed your Soveraignes friend.
Par. We thanke your excellence, and take our leaues,
Wool. Hast ye to Court, ile meet ye presently.
Bone. God morrow to your grace. *Exeunt.*
Wool. God morrow Lords, go call Sir *William Compton* in,
We must haue narrow eyes, and quicke conceit,
To looke into these dangerous stratagems,
I will effect for *France*, as they for me:
If *Woosie* to the Popes high state attaine,
The league is kept, or else heele breakt againe.

Enter Bonner and Compton.

Now good Sir *William.*
Comp. The king my Lord intreates your reverent grace,
There may be had some priuate conference,
Betwixt his highnesse and your excellence,
Before he heere the French Embassadors,
And wils you hasten your repaire to him.
Wool. Wee will attend his highnesse presently,
Bonner, see all our traine be set in readinesse,
That in our state and pompe pontificiall,
We may passe on to grace King *Henries* Court.
Comp. I haue a message from the Queene my Lord,
Who much commends, and humbly thanks your grace,
For your exceeding loue, and zealous prayers,
By your directions through all England sent:
To inuocate for her sound Prosperous helpe,
By heavens faire hand in Child-bed passions.
Wool. We thanke her highnesse that accepts our loue,
In all Cathedrall Churches through the Land,
Are Masses, Derges, and professions sung:
With prayers to heaven to blesse her Majestie,
And send her joy, and quicke delivery:
And so Sir *William* do my duty to her,
Queene *Iane* was euer kind and courteous.
And alwaies of her Subiects honoured.
Comp. I take my leaue my Lord.
Exit.

Wool. Adew good Knight, weele follow preſently,
Now *Woolſey* worke thy wittes like gaddes of ſteele,
And make them plyable to all impreſſions,
That King and Queene and all may honour thee:
So toild not *Cæſar* in the ſtate of Rome,
As *Woolſey* labours in the affaires of Kings:
As *Hanniball* with oyle did melt the Alpes:
To make a paſſage into *Italie:*
So muſt we beare our high pitcht *Eminence*
To digge for glory in the hearts of men.
Till wee haue got the Papall diadem:
And to this end haue I compoſd this plot,
And made a League betweene the French and vs:
And match their aged King in holy Mariage,
With Lady *Mary* Royall *Henries* ſiſter:
That he in peace complotting with the Emperor
May plead for vs within the Courts of Rome.
Wherefore was *Alexanders* fame ſo great,
But that he conquered and depoſed Kings,
And where doth *Woolſey* faile to follow him,
That thus commandeth Kings and Emperors?
Great Englands Lord haue I ſo won with words:
That vnder colour of adviſing him,
I overrule both Counſell, Court, and King:
Let him command, but we will execute.
Making our glorie to out-ſhine his fame,
Till we haue purchaſt an eternall name.

Enter Bonner.

Now *Bonner*, are thoſe proclamations ſent
As we directed to the Sheriffes of London,
Of certaine new deviſed Articles.
For ordering thoſe brothelles called the Stewes?

Bon. They are readie my Lord, and the Shrieue attends for them,

Wool. Diſpatch him quickely, and haſt after me;
We muſt attend the Kings high Maieſtie.

Sound Trumpets, Enter King Harry the Eight, Queene Iane bigge with Child, the Cardinall, Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolke, Dudly, Gray, Compten, the Lady Mary, the Counteſſe of Saliſbury attending on the Q.

King.

King. *Charles Brandon, Dudly,* and my good Lord *Gray,*
Prepare your selues, and be in readinesse,
To entertaine these French Embassadors,
Meete them before our Royall Pallace Gate:
And so conduct them to our Maiestie.
We meane this day to giue them Audience.
Dud. *Gray.* Wee will my Lord.
Bran. Let one attend without.
And bring vs word when they are comming on.
King. How now Queene *Iane* (Mother of God) my loue
Thou wilt never be able to sit halfe this time:
Ladies, I feare shele wake ye, yer belong,
Me thinkes she beares her burthen very heavily,
And yet good sister and my honored Lords,
If this faire houre exceed not her expect,
And passe the callender of her accounts,
Shee will heare this Embassage, *Iane* wilt thou not?
Qu: Iane. Yes my deere Lord, I cannot leaue your sight,
So Long as life retaines this Mantion,
In whose sweet lookes bright Soveraignties in-Throndo,
That make all nations loue and honor thee,
Within thy frame sits awfull Maiestie,
Wrethed in the curled furrowes of thy front:
Admird and feard even of thine enemies;
To be with thee, is my felicitie.
Not to behold the state of all the world,
Could winne thy Queene, thy sicke vnwildie Queene,
To leaue her chamber, in this mothers state.
But sight of thee vnequall Potentate.
King. God a-mercie *Iane,* reach me thy Princely hand.
Thou art now a right woman, goodly, chiefe of thy sex,
Me thinks thou art a Queene superlatiue,
Mother a God, this is a womans glorie,
Like good September Vines, loden with fruite.
How ill did they define the name of women,
Adding so foule a preposition:
To call it woe to man, tis woe from man.
If woe it be, and then who dus not know,

That

That women still from men receiue their woe.
Yet, they loue men for it, but whats their gaine,
Poore soules no more but travaile for their paine;
Come, loue thou art sad, call *Will Summers* in, to
Make her merry, where is the foole to day.
Dud. He was met my Liege they say at London
Early this morning with Doctor Skelton,
King. Hes never from thence, go let a grome be sent,
And fetch him home, my good Lord Cardinall:
Who are the chiefe of these Embassadors?
Wol. Lord *Bonneuet* the French high Admirall,
And *Iohn de Mazo* reverent Bishop of *Paris*.
King. Let their welcome be thy care good *Woolsie*.
Wool. It shall my Liege.

¶ *Enter Compton.*

King. Spare for no cost, *Compton*, what newes?
Comp. Embassadors my Liege.
King. Inough, go giue them entertainement Lord,
Charles Brandon, hearst thou, giue them courtesie.
Inough, and state jnough, go conduct them.
Bran. I go my Lord.

¶ *Enter Will Sommers booted and spurred, blowing a horne.*

King. How now *William*, what? post, post, where haue you beene riding.
Will. Out of my way old *Harry*, I am all on the spurre, I can tell ye, I haue tidings worth telling.
King. Why, where hast thou bin.
VVill. Marrie I rise early, and ride post to London, to know what newes was heere at Court.
King. Was that your neerest way *VVilliam*?
VVill. O I, the verie foote path, but yet I rid the horse-way to here it, I warrant there is nere a Cund-head keeper in London, but knowes what is done in all the Courts in Christendome.
VVool. And what is the best newes there William?
VVill. Good newes for you my Lord *Cardinall*, for

one

one of the old women Waterbeares told me for certaine, that laſt Friday all the belles in Rome Rang backward, there was a thouſand Derges ſung, ſixe hundred Auemaries ſaid, euery man waſht his face in holy-water, the people croſſing and bleſſing themſelues to ſend them a new Pope for the old is gone to Purgatore.

Wolſie. Ha, ha, ha,

Wil. Nay, my Lord you'd laugh, if't were ſo indeed, for euery body thinks if the Pope were dead, you gape for a benefice, but this newes my Lord is cald too good to be true.

King. But this newes came apace Will, that came from Rome to London ſince Fryday laſt.

Will. For, twas at Billings-gate by Saterday Morning, twas a full Moone, and it came vp in a ſpring-tide.

King. Then you heere of the Embaſſadors that are come.

Willi. I, I, and that was the cauſe of my ryding to know what they came for, I was told it all at a Barbers.

King. Ha, ha, what a fooles this, *Iane*, and what doe they ſay he comes for, Will.

William. Marry they ſay hee comes to craue thy aide againſt the great *Turk* that vowes to ouer-runne al Fraunce within this fortnight, he's in a terrible rage belike, and they ſay, the reaſon is, his old god Mahomet that was buried ith top on's Church at *Meca*, his Tombe fell downe, and kild a Sow and ſeven Pigges, whereupon they thinke all ſwines fleſh is new ſanctified, and how it is thought the *Iewes* will fall to eating of Porke extreamely after it.

King. This is ſtrange indeed, but is this all.

Will. No there is other newes that was told me, among the women at a backe-houſe, and that is this, they ſay, the great bell in *Glaſſenberie*. For has told twiſe, and that King *Arthur*, and his Knights of the round Table that were buried in Armour, are aliue againe, crying Saint *George* for *England*, and meane ſhortly to conquere Rome, marry this is thought to be but a morrall,

King. The Embaſſadors are comming, and heere William ſee that you be ſilent, when you ſee them heare.

William. Ile be wiſe and ſay little I warrant thee, and therefore till I ſee them come, Ile goe talke with the Queene; how doſt thou Iane? ſirra *Harrie* ſhee lookes very bigge vppon mee, but I care not, and ſhee bring thee a young Prince, Will *Sommers* may hap's bee his

foole,

foole, when you two are both dead and rotten.

King. Go to William, how now *Iane* what groning,
Gods me th'hast an angrie Soldiers frowne:

William. I thinke so *Harrie*, thou hast prest her often: I am sure this two yeares she has seru'd vnder thy standard.

Qu. Iane. Good fayth my Lord I must intreat your grace
That with your favour I may leaue the presence:
I cannot stay to heare this Embassage,

Kin. Gods holy mother, Ladies lead her to her chamber,
Go bid the Midwiues, and the Nurses waight,
Make holesome fiers and take her from the Ayer,
Now *Iane* God bring mee but a chopping boy,
Bee but a Mother to a Prince of Wales
And a Nynth *Henrie* to the English Crowne,
And thou mak'st full my hopes, faire Queene adew:
And may heavens helping hand our joyes renew:

Comp. God make your Maiestie a happy Mother,

Dud. And helpe you in your weakest passions,
With zealous prayer wee all will jnvocate
The powers deuine for your deliverie.

Qu: Iane. Wee thanke you all, and in faire enterchange
We'l pray for you: now on my humble knees,
I take my leaue of your high Maiestie,
God send your highnes long and happie Raigne,
And blesse this Kingdome, and your subiects liues:
And to your gracious heart all joye restore,
I feare I shall never behold you more,

King. Doe not thinke so faire Queene, go to thy bed,
Let not my loue be so discomforted.

Will. No, no, I warrant thee *Iane*, make hast and dispatch this
That thou mayst haue another against next Christmas

King. Ladies attend her, Countesse of Salisburie, sister
Who first brings word that Harrie hath a Sonne (Mary
Shall be rewarded well:

Will. I, jle bee his suertie: but doe you heare wenches, shee that brings the first tydings howsoeuer it fall out, let her be sure to say the Childs like the father, or else she shall haue nothing.

Enter

Enter Lords and Embassadors.

King. Welcome Lord *Bonneuet*, Welcome Bishop
What from our brother brings this Embassage.
Bonneuet. Most faire commends great and renowned Henrie.
Wee in the person of our Lord and King,
Heere of your highnesse, do intreat a League
And to reedefie the former peace:
Held betwixt the Realmes of England and of Fraunce,
Of late disordred, for some pettie wrongs:
And pray your Maiestie to stay your powers:
Already levied in low Burgandie,
Which to maintaine our oaths, shall be ingagde,
And to confirme it with more surety,
Hee craues your faire consent vnto his loue,
And giue the Lady *Marie* for his Queene,
The second sister to your Royall selfe.
So may an heire springing from both your bloods.
Make both Realmes happie by a lasting League.
King. Wee kindly doe receiue your Maisters loue,
And yet our graunt stands strong vnto his suit,
If that no following censure feeble it:
For wee herein must take our Counsels aide.
But howsoever our answere shall be swift,
Meane time we graunt you faire accesse to woe,
And winne her (If you can) to be his Queene.
Our selfe will second you Right welcome both,
Lord Cardinall, these shall be your Guests,
But let our Treasure wast to welcome them:
Banquet them, how they will, what cheere, what sport,
Let them see *Harrie* keepes a Kingly Court:
Woolsie. I shall my Soveraigne. *Ex. Woolsie.*
King. With draw a while our selues weele follow ye.
Now *Will*, are you not deceiu'd in this Embassage,
You heard they came for aide against the Turke.
Will. Well then, now I see there is loud lies told in London,
But als one for their comming's to as much purpose as the other:

King. And why I pray,

Will. Why doſt thou thinke thy ſiſter ſuch a foole, to marry ſuch an old *Dies veneris*, he get her with Prince? I, when either I, or the Cardinall prooue Pope, and that will never bee, I hope.

King. How knoweſt thou him to be old, thou never ſaweſt him:

Will. No, nor he me; but I ſaw his picture with ner-a tooth e the head out, and all his beard as well favored as a white froſt, but it is no matter, if he haue her, he will die ſhortly, and then ſhe may helpe to bury him.

Enter Ladyes.

1. *Lad.* Runne, Runne, good Maddam, call the Ladyes in: Call for more Womens helpe, the Queene is ſicke.

2. *Lad.* For Gods loue go backe againe, and warme more clothes: O let the wine be well burned I charge yee.

Will. I, in any caſe, or I cannot drinke it, dooſt thou heare *Harry*, what a coile they keepe: I warrant, theſe women will drinke thee vp more wine, with their goſſipping, then was ſpent in all the Conduits at thy Coronation.

Enter Lady Mary and the Countes of Salisbury.

King. Tis no matter *Will*, How now Ladies.

La: Mary. I beſeech your grace commaund the foole foorth of the preſence.

King. Away *William*: you muſt be gone, her's womens matters in hand.

Will: Let them ſpeake loe then, jle not out of the roome, ſure,

Count. Come, come let's thruſt him out, he'le not ſturre elſe:

Will: Thruſt me, nay and yee goe to thruſting, jle thruſt ſome of you downe I warrant ye.

King. Nay, goe good William.

Will. Ile out of their company *Harry*, they will ſcratch worſe then Cats, if they catch me, therefore jle hence and leaue, God-boy Ladyes do you heare Madame Mary, you had need to bee wary, my newes is worth a white-cake, you muſt play at tennis with old Saint *Dennis*, and your maiden-head muſt lye at the ſtake.

Exit.

King.

King. Ha, ha, the foole tels you true (my gentle sister)
But to onr businesse, how faires my Queene?
How fares my *Iane*, has shee a sonne for me?
To raise againe our Kingdomes Soveraignty.
Lady Mary. That yet rests doubtfull, O my Princely Lord.
Your poore distressed Queene lyes weake and sicke,
And be it sonne or daughter, deere shee buyes it,
Even with her deerest life, for one must dye:
All Womens helpe is past. Then good my Leige,
Resolue it quickly, if the Queene shall liue.
The Child must dye, or if it life receiues,
You must your haples Queene of life bereaue,
King. You peirce me with your newes, run, send for helpe.
Spend the revenewes of my Crowne for aide,
To saue the life of my beloved Queene:
How hap't shee is so ill attended on.
That wee are put to this extremity,
To saue the Mother or the Child to dye.
Countesse. I beseech your grace resolue jmmediately,
King. Immediatly (saist thou) O, tis no quicke resolue
Can giue good verdit in so sad a choise;
To loose my Queene, that is my some of blisse,
More vertuous than a thousand Kingdomes be;
And should I loose my sonne (if Sonne it be)
That all my Subiects so desire to see.
I loose the hope of this great Monarchy.
What shall I doe?
Lady Mary. Remember the Queene my Lord:
King. I not forget her (Sister) O poore soule,
But I forget thy paine and miserie,
Goe, let the Child die; let the Mother liue,
Heavens powerfull hand may more Children giue:
Away, and comfort her with our reply,
Harry will haue his Queene though thowsands die.
I know no jssue of her Princely wombe:
Why then should I preferre't before her life. *Ex. La.*
Whose death ends all my hopefull joyes on earth.
God's will be done, for sure it is his will,

For ſecret reaſons to himſelfe beſt knowne:
Perhaps he did mould forth a Sonne for me,
And ſeeing (that ſees all) in his creation,
To be ſome impotent and coward ſpirit,
Vnlike the figure of his Royall Father:
Has thus decreed, leaſt hee ſhould blurre out fame,
As Whylome did the ſixt King of my name
Looſe all, his Father (the firſt Henrie) wonne.
Ile thanke the Heavens for taking ſuch a Sonne.
Whoſe within there?

Enter *Compton.* My Lord.

King. Goe *Compton*, bid Lord *Seimer* come to me,
The honor'd Father of my wofull Queene.
Now now what newes?

Lady Mary. Wee did deliver what your highneſſe wild,
Which was no ſooner by her grace receiu'd:
But with the ſad report, ſhee ſeemd as dead,
Which cauſd vs ſtay, after recouerie.
She ſent vs backe tintreate your Maieſtie,
As ever you did take delight in her,
As you preferre the quiet of her ſoule,
That now is ready to forſake this life,
As you deſire to haue the life of one,
She doth intreate your grace that ſhee may die,
Leaſt both doth periſh in this agonie:
For to behold the infant ſuffer death,
Were endleſſe tortures, made to ſtop her breath.
Then to my Lord (quoth ſhe) thus gently ſay,
The Child is faire, the Mother earth and clay.

King. Sad meſſenger of woe; oh my poore Queene,
Canſt thou ſo ſoone conſent to leaue this life,
So precious to our ſoule, ſo deere to all,
To yeeld the hopefull iſſue of thy loines,
To raiſe our ſecond comfort, well, be it ſo:
Ill, be it ſo: ſtay, I revoke my word,
But that you ſay helps not, for ſhe muſt dye:
Yet if ye can ſaue both, ile giue my crowne:
Nay, all I haue, and enter bonds for more,

Which

Which with me conquering sword with fury bent,
Ile purchase in the farthest continent,
Vse all your chiefest skill, make hast away,
Whilst we for your successe devoutly pray.

Enter Lord Seymer.

Seym. All joy and happinesse betide my Soveraigne.
King. Ioy, be it good Lord *Seymer* noble Father,
Or joy, or griefe, thou hast a part in it,
Thou comst to greet vs in a doubtfull houre,
Thy daughter and my Queene lies now in paine,
And if I loose, *Seymer* thou canst not gaine.
Sey. Yet comfort, good my Liege, this womans woe
Why? tis as certaine to her as her death,
Both given her in her first creation:
It is a sower to sweete, given them at first
By their first Mother, then put sorrow hence:
Your grace, ere long shall see a gallant Prince.
King. Be thou a Prophet *Seymer* in thy words,
Thy louesome comfort to our hopes affoords,
How now.

Enter two Ladies.

Count. My gracious Lord, heere I present to you,
A goodly sonne: see heere your flesh, your bone,
Looke heere Royall Lord, I warrant tis your owne.
Sey. See heere my Liege, by the rood a gallant Prince,
Ha little cakebred, foregod a chopping boy.
King. Even now I wept with sorrow, now with joy,
Take that for thy good newes, how fares my Queene.

¶ *Enter Mary and one Lady.*

Count. O my good Lord, the wofull.
King. Tell no more of woe, speake, doth she liue?
What? weepe ye all, nay, then my heart misgiues,
Resolue me sister, is the newes worth hearing.

La. Mary.

Lady Mary. Not worth the telling, Royall Soveraigne.
King. Now, by my Crowne, thou dimſt my royaltie,
And with thy clowdie lookes eclipſt my ioyes,
Thy ſilent eye bewraies a ruthfull ſound,
Stopt in the organs of thy troubled ſpirit:
Say, is ſhee dead.
La. Mary. Without offence ſhe is.
King. Without offence, ſaiſt thou, heaven take my ſoule,
What can be more offenſiue to my life:
Then ſad remembrance of my faire Queenes death,
Thou wofull man, that camſt to comfort me:
How ſhall I eaſe thy hearts calamitie?
That cannot helpe thy ſelfe: how one ſad minute.
Hath raiſd a fount of ſorrowes in his eies,
And bleard his aged cheekes, yet *Seymer* ſee,
She hath left part of her ſelfe, a ſonne to mee:
To thee a graund-child, vnto the land a Prince,
The perfect ſubſtance of his royall Mother,
In whom her memorie ſhall ever liue;
Phænix Iana obit nato Phænice,
Dolendum ſecula phænices nulla tuliſſe duas.
One Phenix dying, giues another life,
Thus muſt wee flatter our extreameſt griefe.
What day is this.
Cump. Saint *Edwards* euen my Lord.
King. Prepare for chriſtning, *Edward* ſhall be his name,

Enter the Cardinall, Embaſſadors.
Bonner and Gardner.

Wool. My Lords of Fraunce you haue had ſmall cheere with vs,
But you muſt pardon vs, the times are ſad,
And ſorts not now for mirth and banqueting:
Therefore I pray make your ſwift returne,
Commend me to your King, and kindly tell him,
The Engliſh Cardinall will remaine his friend,
The Lady *Mary* ſhall be forthwith ſent,
And overtake ye ere you reach to Dover:

And

And for the businesse that concernes the league,
Vrge it no more, but leaue it to my care.
Bone. Wee thanke your grace, my good Lord Cardinall,
And so with thankfulnesse we take our leaues.
Wool. Happilie speed my honorable Lords,
My heart, I sweare, still keepes you company,
Farewell to both, pray your King remember
My sute betwixt him and the Emperour,
Wee shall be thankefull, if they thinke on vs.
Par. Wewill be earnest in your cause my Lord,
So of your grace we once more take our leaues.
Wool. Againe farewell, *Bonner* conduct them forth,
Now *Gardner*, what thinkst thou of these times.
Gard. Well, that the leagues confirmd, my gratious Lord,
Ill, that I feare the death of good Queene *Iane*,
Will cause new troubles in our state againe.
Wool. Why thinkst thou so?
Gard. I feare false *Luthers* doctrines spread so farre,
Least that his highnesse now vnmaried,
Should match amongst that sect of *Lutherans*,
You saw how soone his Maiestie was wonne,
To scorne the Pope, and Romes religion,
When Queene *Anne Bullen* wore the diadem.
Wool. *Gardner* tis true, so was the rumor spread:
But *Woolsie* wrought such meanes shee lost her head,
Tush feare not thou whilst *Harries* life doth stand,
Hee shall be King, but we will rule the land.
Bonner come hither, you are our trustie friend:
See that the treasure we haue gathered,
The Copes, the Vestments, and the Challices,
The smoake pence, and the tributary fees,
That English chimnies pay the Church of Rome:
Be barreld close within the inner seller,
Wele send it over shortly to prepare,
Our swift aduancement to Saint *Peters* chaire,
Be trustie, and be sure of honors speedilie,
The King hath promised at the next election,
Bonner shall haue the Bishopricke of London.

Bon. I humbly thanke your grace.
Wool. And *Gardner* ſhall be Lord of Wincheſter:
Had wee our hopes, what ſhall you not be then,
When we haue got the Papall diadem. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brandon, Dudley, Gray, Seymer, Compton.

Bran. How now Sir *William Cumpton*, where is the King.
Cum. His grace is walking in the gallery,
As ſad and paſſionate as ere he was.
Dud. Twere good your grace went in to comfort him.
Bran. Not I Lord *Dudley*, by my George I ſweare,
Vnleſſe his Highneſſe firſt had ſent for me,
I will not put my head in ſuch a hazzard,
I know his anger, and his ſpleene too well.
Gray. Tis ſtrange, this humor hath his highneſſe held,
Ever ſince the death of good Queene *Iane*,
That none dares venture to conferre with him.

Enter Cardinall, Sommers, and Patch.

Dud. Heere comes the Cardinall.
Bran. I, and two fooles after him, his Lordſhip is well attended ſtill.
Sem. Lets win this Prelate to ſalute the King,
It may perhaps worke his diſgrace with him,
Wool. How now *William*, what? are you heere to.
Will. I my Lord, all the fooles follow you, I come to bid my coſin *Patch* welcome to the Court, and when I come to Yorke houſe, hele do as much for me, will yee not *Patch?*
Pat. Yes coſin, hey, da, tere, dedell, dey, day. *ſing.*
Wool. What, are you ſinging ſirra.
Will. Ile make him crie as faſt anon I hold a penny.
Dud. God morrow to your grace my good Lord Cardinall.
Wool. Wee thanke your honour.

Enter King within.

King. What *Cumpton, Carew,* *Call within.*
Bran. Harke, the King cals.
King. Mother of God, how are wee attended on: who waights without.

Bran.

Bran. Go in ſir *William*, and if you find his grace
In any milder temper then he was laſt night,
Let vs haue word, and wee will viſit him.
Cump. I will my Lord. *Exit.*
Wool. What is the occaſion, the Kings ſo moou'd.
Bran His grace hath taken ſuch an jnward greefe,
With ſad remembrance of the Queene that's dead:
That much his highneſſe wrongs his ſtate and perſon.
Beſides in Ireland do the Burkes rebell,
And ſtout *Pearſie* that diſcloſ'd the plot,
Was by the Earle of *Kildare* late put to death,
And *Martin Luther* out of Germanie,
Has writ a booke againſt his Majeſtie,
For taking part with proud Pope *Iulius*,
Which beejng ſpread by him through Chriſtendome,
Hath thus jncenſt his Royall Majeſtie.
Wool. Tuſh, I haue newes, my Lord, to ſalue that ſore,
And make the King more feard through chriſtendome,
Then ever was his famous aunceſtors:
Nor can baſe *Luther* with his hereſies,
Backt by the proudeſt germaine Potentate;
Heretically blurre King *Henries* fame:
For honour that he did Pope *Iulius*,
Who in high favour of his Majeſtie,
Hath ſent *Campeus* with a Bull from Rome,
To adde vnto his title this high ſtile:
That hee and his faire poſteririe,
Proclaimd defenders of the faith ſhall be:
For which intent the holy Cardinals come,
As Legats from the Emperiall court of Rome.
Gray. This newes, my Lord, may ſomething eaſe his mind,
Twere good your grace would go and viſit him.
Wool. I will, and doubt not but to pleaſe him well.
Seym. So, I am glad he's in, and the King be no better pleaſed then he was at our laſt parting, hele make him repent him ſaucines.
Bran. How now old *William*, how chance you go not to the King and comfort him.
Will. No birladie, my Lord, I was with him too lately alreadie,

 his

his fist is too heavie for a foole to stand vnder, I went to him last night, after you had left him, seeing him chafe so at *Charles*, heere to make him merrie: and he gaue me such a boxe on the eare, that stroke me cleane through three Chambers, downe foure paire of staires, fell ore fiue barrels, into the bottome of the seller, and if I had not well lickard my selfe there, I had never liu'd after it.

Bran. Faith *will*, ile giue the a velluet coate, and thou canst but make him merrie.

Will. Will ye my Lord, and ile venter another boxe on the eare but ile do it.

Enter Cumpton.

Comp. Cleare the presence there, the King is comming,
Gods me, my Lords, what meant the Cardinall,
So vnexpected thus to trouble him.

Gray. Is the King mou'd at it.

Enter the King and Wolsie.

Compt Iudge by his countenance, see he comes.

Bran. Ile not indure the storme.

Dud. Nor I.

Will. Runne foole, your Maister will be feld else.

King. Did Wee not charge that none should trouble vs,
Presumtuous Priest, proud prelate as thou art,
How comes it your are growne so saucie sir,
Thus to presume vpon our patience,
And crosse our Royall thought distrubd and vext,
By all your negligence in our estate,
Of vs and of our countries happinesse.

Wool. My gracious Lord.

King. Fawning beast stand backe
Or by my crowne, ile foote thee to the earth,
Wheres *Brandon, Surrey, Seymer, Gray,*
Where is your counsell now, O now ye crooch,
And stand like pictures at our presence doore,
Call in our guard, and beare them to the Tower,
Mother of God ile haue the traitors heads,
Go haile them to the blocke, vp, vp, stand vp,

He

Ile make you know your duties to our state,
Am I a cypher, is my sight growne stale,
Am I not *Harrie*, am I not Englands King, Ha.

William. So la, now the watch-words given, nay and hee once cry ha, neare a man in the court dare for his head speake againe, lye close cosin *Patch.*

Patch. Ile not come neare him cosin, has almost kild me with his countenance.

Kin. Wee haue been too familiar now I see,
And you may dally with our Maiestie:
Where are my pages there.

Enter Pages.

Page. My Lord.

King. Trusse sirra, none to put my garter on,
Giue me some wine, heer's stuffe a the tother side,
Proud Cardinall who follow'd our affaires in Italy,
That wee that honor'd so Pope *Iulius*,
By dedicating bookes at thy request,
Against that vpstart sect of Lutherans,
Should by that heretick be handed thus,
But by my *George*, I sweare, if *Henrie* liue,
Ile hunt base *Luther* through all Germanie,
And pull those seven electors on their knees:
If they but backe him against our dignities.
Base slaue tie soft, thou hurtst my legge,
And now in Ireland the Burkes rebell,
And with his stubborne kernes makes hourely rodes,
To burne the borders of the English Pale,
And which of all your counsels helps vs now.

Enter Cumpton with wine.

Cumpt. Here's wine, my Lord.

King. Drinke, and be dambd, I crie thee mercy *Cumpton*,
What the diuell mentst thou to come behind me so,
I did mistake, jle make thee amends for it,
By holy *Paule*, I am so crost and vext,
I knew not what I did, and here at home,
Such carefull statesmen do attend vs,

And lookes ſo wiſely to our Common weale,
That we haue ill May-daies, and riots made:
For lawleſſe rebels do diſturbe our ſtate,
Twelue times this teatme, haue wee in perſon ſate,
Both in the ſtarre chamber, and Chauncerie courts,
To heare our ſubiects ſutes determined:
Yet tis your office *Woolſie*, but all of you
May make a Packhorſe of King *Henry* now:
Well, what would ye ſay.

Wool. Nothing that might diſpleaſe your Maieſtie,
I haue a meſſage from the Pope to you.

King. Then keepe it ſtill, wee will not heare it yet,
Get all of you away, avoid our preſence,
Wee cannot yet commaund our patience,
Reach me a chaire.

Bran. Now *Wil*, or never, make the king but ſmile,
And with thy mirthfull toyes allay his ſpleene,
That we his counſell, may conferre with him,
And by my Honor, jle reward thee well,
Too him good *Will?*

Will. Not to faſt, I pray, leaſt *Will Sum:* nere be ſeene againe, I know his qualities as wel as the beſt an ye: for ever when he's angrie, and no body dare ſpeake to him, ye thruſt me in by the head and ſhoulders, and then we fall to buffits, but I know who has the worſt ant: but go, my Lord, ſtand aſide, and ſtirre not till I call yee, let my coſin *Patch* and I alone, and he goe boxing, wele fall both vpon him, thats certaine: but and the worſt come, bee ſure that the Cardinals foole ſhall pay fort.

Bran. Vſe your beſt skill, good *William*, jle not be ſeene, vnleſſe I ſee him ſmile.

Will. Where art thou coſin, alas poore foole, he's crep vnder the table, vp coſin, feare nothing, the ſtormes paſt, I warrant thee.

Patch. Is the King gon, coſin?

Will. No, no, yonder he ſits, we are all friends now, the Lords are gone to dinner, and thou and I muſt waite at the Kings table.

Patch. Not I birlady, I would not waite vppon ſuch a Lord, for all the livings in the Land, I thought hee would haue kild my Lord Cardinall, he lookt ſo terribly.

Will.

Will. Foe, he did but jest with him, but jle tell thee cosin the rarest tricke to be reveng'd ast passes, and jle giue thee this fine silke point, and thou'lt do it.

Patch. O braue, ô braue, giue me it cosin, and ile do what so ere tis.

Will. He stand behind the post heere, and thou shalt goe softly stealing behind him, as he sits reading yonder, and when thou comst close to him, cry boh, and wele scarre him so, he shall not tell where to rest him.

Patch. But will hee not be angry?

Will. No, no, for then jle shew my selfe, and after hee sees who tis, hele lase and be as merry as a mag-pie, and thow't bee a made man by it, for all the house shall see him hugge thee in his armes, and dandle thee vp and downe with hand and foot an thou wert a footeball.

Patch: O fine, come cosen, giue me the point first, and jle rore so loud that ile make him beleeue that the divels come.

Will. So doe and feare nothing, for an thou wert the diuell himselfe, hele coniure thee I warrant thee, I would not haue such a coniuring for twenty Crownes: but when hee has made way, jle make him merry enough, I doubt it not, so so now cossen looke to your Coxecombe:

Patch. Boe.

King. Mother of God whats that.

Patch. Boe.

King. Out asse and tumble at my feete,
For thus jle spurne thee vpse and downe the house.

Patch. Helpe cossen, helpe.

Wil. No cossen, now he's conjuring, I dare not come neere him.

King. Who set this nat'rall heere to trouble me.

Enter Comp. Whose that stands laffing there, the foole, ha, ha, Wheres *Compton.* Mother a God I haue found his drift, tis the craftiest old villaine in Christendome, marke good Sir William, because the foole durst not come neere himselfe, seejng our anger, sent this silly Asse, that wee might wreake our Royall spleene on him: whilest hee stands laffing to behold the jest, bith blessed Lady. (*Compton*) jle not leaue the foole, to gaine a million, he contents me so, come hether *will.*

Will. Ile know whether yee haue done dnocking first, my cosen Patch lookes pittifully, ye had best be friends with vs I can tell you:

weele

weele ſcare ye out of your ſkin els.

King. Alas, poore pach, hold ſirra ther's an Angell to buy you points.

VVill. Law coſin, did not I ſay hel'e make much on ye,

Patch. I coſin, but has made ſuch a ſinging in my head I cannot ſee where I am.

VVill. All the better coſin, and your head fall a ſinging, your feete may fall a dauncing, and ſo ſaue charges to the piper.

King. *VVill Summers*, prethee tell me why didſt thou ſend him firſt.

VVill. Becauſe Ile haue him haue the firſt fruites of thy furie. I know how the matter ſtood with the next that diſtrub'd thee, therefore I kept ith rereward, that if the battaile grew too hot, I might run preſently.

King. But wherefore came ye.

VVill. To make thee leaue thy mellancholly, and turne merry man againe, thou haſt made all the Court in ſuch a pittifull caſe as paſſes, the Lords has attended here this foure daies, and none dares ſpeake to thee, but thou art ready to choppe off their heads fort: and now I ſeeing what a fretting furie thou continueſt in, and euerie one ſaid two'ld kill thee if thou keepſt it, puld eene vp my heart, and vowd to looſe my head, but jle make thee leaue it.

King. Well *VVilliam*, I am beholding to ye.
Ye ſhall haue a new Coate and a cap for this.

VVill. Nay then, I ſhall haue two new coates and cappes, for *Charles Brandon* promiſed me one before, to performe this enterpriſe.

King. He ſhall keepe his word *will*, go call him in,
Call in the Lords, tell them our ſpleene is calmbd:
Mother a God wee muſt giue way to wrath,
That chafes our Royall blood with anger thus:
And vſe ſome mirth I ſee to comfort vs.
Draw neere vs Lords, *Charles Brandon* liſt to me:
Will *Summers* here muſt haue a coate of you,
But *Patch* has earned it dereſt, wheres the foole?

VVil. Hees enne creeping as neere the doore as hee can,
Heele faine begon I ſee, and hee could get out,
Wouldeſt thou not coſin?

Patch. Yes coſin *VVill.* Ild faine be walking, I am afraid I am not as I ſhould be.

VVill.

Will. Come, jle helpe thee out then, doſt thou heare my Lord Cardinall, your fooleis in a pittifull taking, hee ſmels terriblie.

Wool. You are too craftie for him *William*,

King. So is he *Woolſey* credit me.

Wil. I thinke ſo my Lord, as long as Will liues, the Cardinals foole muſt giue way to the Kings foole.

King. Well ſir be quiet, and my reuerend Lords,
I thanke you for your patient ſuffering,
Wee were disturbed in our thoughts we ſweare,
Wee now jntreat you ſpeake, and we will heare,

Wool. Then may it pleaſe your ſacred Majeſtie.
Campeus Legate to his holineſſe,
Attends with letters from the Court of Rome.

King. Let him draw neere, weele giue him audience,
Dudley, and *Gray*, Attend the Cardinall,
And bring *Champeus* to our preſence here:

Dud. Gray. Wee go my Lord.

¶ *Enter Lords and Legats.*

King. Brandon and *Seymer*, place your ſelues by vs,
To heare this Meſſage from his holineſſe,
You reverent Princes pillras of the Church:
Legats Apoſtolike, how fares the Pope,

Campeus. In health great *King*, and from his ſacred lips:
I bring a bleſſing Apoſtolicall
To Engliſh *Henry* and his Subiects all:
And more to manifeſt his loue to thee,
The prop and pillar of the Churches peace:
And gratifie thy loue made plaine to him,
In learned bookes gainſt *Luthers* hereſie,
He ſends me thus to greet thy Maieſtie:
With ſtile and titles of high dignitie,
Command the Heralds and the Trumpets forth.

Seym. Gentlemen diſpatch and call them in:

Will. Lord bleſſe vs, whats here to doe now.

Campe. Receiue this Bull ſent from his holineſſe.
For confirmation of his dignitie

To thee, and to thy faire posteritie.

Will. Tis well the Kings is a widdower, and ye had put forth your Bull with his hornes forward, jde haue mard your message, I can tell ye.

King. Peace *Will.* Herralds attend him:

Campe. Trumpets prepare whilst we alowd pronounce
This sacred message from his holinesse,
And in his reverent name I heere proclaime
Henrie the Eight by the grace of God,
King of England, France and Ireland.
And to this title, from the Pope we giue,
Defender of the faith in Peace to liue:

Wool. Sound Trumpets, and God saue the King.

King. Wee thanke his holinesse for this Princely favour,
Receiving it with thanks and reverence:
In which whilst we haue life, his Grace shall see,
Our sword defender of the faith shall bee.
Goe one of you salute the Maior of London,
Bid him with Herralds and with Trumpets sound,
Proclaime our titles through his government,
Goe *Gray*, see it done, attend him fellowes:

Gray. I goe my Lord, Trumpets follow me.

Exit.

King. What more Lord Legate doth his holinesse will,

Campe. That *Henrie* joyning with the Christian Kings,
Of France and Spaine, Denmarke, and Portugale,
Would send an Armie to assaile the Turke,
That now invades with warre the Ile of Rhodes,
Or send twelue thousand pound to be disposd,
As his holinesse thinks best for their releise.

Will. I thouhgt so, I knew twoold be a monny matter, when als done, now thart defender of the Faith, the Pope will haue thee defend every thing: himselfe and all.

King. Take hence the foole.

Wil. I, when can ye tell? dost thou thinke any oth Lords will take the foole, none here, I warrant, except the Cardinals.

King. What a knavish fooles this, Lords you must beare with him, come hether *Will*, what saist thou to this new title given vs by the

the Pope, ſpeake, iſt not rare?

Will. I know not how rare it is, but I know how deere twill bee, for I perceiue twill coſt thee twelue thouſand pounds, at leaſt, beſides the Cardinalls coſt in comming.

King. All thats nothing, the title of Defender of the Faith is worth ye twiſe as much, ſay, is it not.

Will. No by my troth, doſt heare old *Harrie*; I am ſure the true faith is able to defend it ſelfe without thee, and as for the Popes faith (good faith's) not worth a farthing, and therefore giue him not a penny.

King. Goe too ſirra, meddle not you with the Popes matters.

Willi. Let him not meddle with thy matters then, for, and he meddle with thee, ile meddle with him thats certaine, and ſo farewell, Ile goe and meete my little young Maſter Prince *Edward*, they ſay hee comes to Court to night, Ile to horſebacke, prethee *Harry* ſend one to hold my ſturrup: ſhall I tell the Prince what the Pope has done.

King. I and thou wilt *Will*, hee ſhall be Defender of the faith too, one day.

Will. No, and he and I can defend our ſelues, wee care not, for we are ſure the faith can. *Exit.*

King. Lord Legate, ſo we reverence Rome and you,
As nothing you demaund, ſhall be denied:
The Turke will we expell from Chriſtendome,
Sending ſtout ſouldiers to his holineſſe,
And money to relieue diſtreſſed *Rhoades*:
So if you pleaſe, paſſe in to banquetting.
Goe Lords attend them, *Brandon* and *Compton* ſtay,
Wee haue ſome buſineſſe to conferre vppon.

Cum. Wee take our leaue. *Exit.*

King. Moſt heartie welcome to my reverent Lords.
So, now to our buſineſſe, *Brandon* ſay,
Heare ye no tidings from our Siſter *Marie*,
Since her arrivall in the Realme of *France*?

Bran. Thus much we heard my Lord, at *Cales* met her
The youthfull *Dolphin*, and the Peeres of *France*:
And brauely brought her to the King at *Towers*,
Where he both married her, and crownd her Queene.

King. Tis well, but *Brandon* and *Compton* liſt to me,

25

I muſt jmploy your aide and ſecrecie,
This night we meane in ſome diſguiſed ſhape,
To viſit *London*, and to walke the round,
Paſſe through their watches, and obſerue the care,
And ſpeciall diligence to keepe our peace.
They ſay night-walkers, hourely paſſe the ſtreets,
Committing theft, and hated ſacriledge:
And ſlightly paſſe vnſtaied, or vnpuniſhed,
Goe *Compton*, goe, and get me ſome diſguiſe,
This night weele ſee our Cities gouerment:
Brandon, do you attend at *Baynards-Caſtle*,
Compton ſhall goe diſquiſde along with me,
Our ſwords and bucklers ſhall conduct vs ſafe,
But if wee catch a knock to quit our paine,
Weele put it vp, and hye vs home againe.

Exit.

Enter the Conſtable and Watch: Prichall the Cobler beeing one bearing a Lant-horne.

Conſtable. Come neighbours, we haue a ſtraight commaund,
Our watches be ſeuerely lookt into:
Much theft and murder was committed lately,
There are two ſtrangers, Marchants of the *Stillyard*
Cruelly ſlaine, found floating on the *Temmes*;
And greatly are the Stewes had in ſuſpect,
As places fitting for no better vſe,
Therefore be carefull, and examine all,
Perhaps we may attach the murderer.

1 Watch. Nay I aſſure yee Maiſter Conſtable, thoſe ſtew-houſes are places of much ſlaughter and redemption, and many cruell deeds of equitie and wickedneſſe are committed there, for diuers good men looſe both their money and their computation by them, I abiure yee; how ſay you neighbour *Prichall?*

Cob. Neighbour *Capcaſe*, I know you're a man of courage, and for the merrie Cobler of *Limeſtreete*, tho I ſit as lowe as Saint *Faithes*, I can looke as high as *Paules*: I haue in my dayes walkte

to

to the ſtewes as well as my neighbours, but if the mad wenches fall to murdering once, and caſt men into the *Thames*, I haue done with them, ther's no dealing, if they carry fire in one hand, and water ith tother.

Conſtable. Well maiſters wee are now plac'ſt about the Kings (buſineſſe,

And I know ye all ſufficient in the knowledge of it,
I need not to repeate your charge againe:
Good neighbours, vſe your greateſt care I pray,
And if vnruleiy perſons trouble yee,
Call and jle come: ſo ſyrs goodnight.

Exit Conſtable.

1 *Watch.* Godyegodnight and twentie ſir, I warrant yee, yee need not reconcile to our charge, vor ſome on vs has diſcharged the place this forty yeare I am ſure. Neighbours what thinke you beſt to bee done?

Cob. Every man according to his calling neighbour, if the enemie come, heere lies my towne of Garriſon, I ſet on him as I ſet on a patch, if hee tread on this ſide, I vnderlay him on this ſide, or prick him through both ſides, I yerke him, and tricke him, pare him and peece him, then hang him vp beth heeles till Sunday.

1 *Wat.* How ſay yee, by my faith neighbour *Prichall* yee ſpeake to the purpoſe, for indeed neighbours, every ſenſible watch-man is to ſeeke the beſt reformation to his owne deſtruction.

2 *Wat.* But what thinke yee neighbours, if every man take a nap now, eth fore hand eth night, and goe to bed afterward.

Cob. That were not amiſſe neither, but and youle take but every man his pot firſt, youle ſleepe like the man eth Moone yfaith.

2 Doe yee thinke neighbour, there is a man eth Moone?

1 *Wat.* I aſſure yee in a cleere day, I haue ſeente at midnight.

2 *Wat.* Of what occupation is he trow?

Cob. Some thinkes he's a ſhepheard, becauſe ons dog, ſome ſaies he's a Baker going to heate his Oven with a bauen ats backe, but the plaine truth is, I thinke he was a cobler, for yee know what the ſong ſayes, I ſee a man eth Moone, fie man, fie, I ſee a man eth Moone, clowting S. *Peters* ſhoone, & ſo by this reaſon, he ſhould be a cobler.

1 *Wat.* By my fekings he ſaith true, alas, alas, goodman *Dormouſe*

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hath even giuen vp the goſt already, tis an honeſt quiet ſoule I warrant yee.

Cob. It behoues vs all to be ſo, how do yee neighbour *Dormouſe*?

Dor. Godſpeed yee, godſpeed yee, nay and ye goe a gods-name, I haue nothing to ſay to yee.

2 Lawe yee, his minds ons buſineſſe, though he be nere ſo ſlepie.

Cob. Come lets all joyne with him and ſteale a nap, euery man my maiſters to his ſeverall ſtall.

2 Agreed, Godnight good neighbours.

Cob. Nay, lets take no leaue, jle but winke a while, and ſee you againe.

¶ *Enter King, and Compton, with bils on his backe.*

King. Come ſir *William*,
Wee may now ſtand vpon our guard you ſee,
The watch has given vs leaue to Arme our ſelues,
They feare no daunger, for they ſleepe ſecure:
Goe carrie thoſe bils wee tooke to *Baynards Caſtle*,
And bid *Charles Brandon* to diſquiſe himſelfe,
And meet me preſently at *Grace Church* corner,
Wee will attempt to paſſe through all the watches,
And ſo I tak't t'will be an eaſie taske,
Therefore make haſt.

Cump. I will my Liege.

King The watch-word if I chance to ſend to yee,
Is the great Stagge of *Baydon*, ſo my name ſhall bee.

Comp. Inough, weele thinke on it. *Exit.*

King. So, now weele forward, ſoft yonder's light,
I and a watch, and all aſleepe burlady:
Theſe are good peaceable Subiects, her's none
Beckens to any, all may paſſe in Peace: Ho ſirrha.

Cob. Stand, who goes there?

King A good fellow. Stands a hainous word ethe Kings high-way, you haue beene at Noddie, I ſee.

Cob. I, and the firſt card comes to my hand's a knaue.

King. I am a Coatecard jndeed.

Cob. Then thou muſt needes be a knaue, for thou art neither King nor Queene, (I am ſure) But whether goeſt thou?

King,

King. About a little businesse that I haue in hand.
Cob Then good night, prethee trouble mee no longer.
King. Why this is easie enough, her's passage at peasure,
What wretch so wicked, would not giue faire words
After the foulest fact of Villanie?
That may escape vnseene so easily,
Or what should let him that is so resolu'd
To murder, rapine, theft, or sacriledge?
I see the Citie are the sleepie heads,
To do it, and passe thus examined.
Fond heedelesse men, what bootes it for a King,
To toyle himselfe in his high state affaires,
To summon Parliaments, and call together
The wisest heads of all his Prouinces:
Making statutes for his Subiects peace.
That thus neglecting them, their woes jncrease.
Well weele further on, soft heere comes one,
Ile stay and see, how he escapes the watch.

Enter Blacke Will.

Black Will. So, now I am got within the Cittie, I am as safe as in a Sanctuarie: it is a hard world, when *Black Will* for aventure of fiue pound, must commit such pettie robberies at *Mile-end*, but the plaine truth is, the Stewes from whence I had my quartaridge is now growne too hote for me: ther's some suspection of a murther lately done vppon two Marchants of the *Stilliard*, which indeed as farre as some fiue or sixe stabs comes too, I confesse I had a hand in. But mumbudget, all the Dogges in the towne must not barke at it. I must withdraw a while till the heate be ore, remoone my lodging, and liue vpon darke nights and mistie Mornings. Now let me then see, the strongest watch in London intercept my passage.
King. Such a fellow would I faine meet withall:
Well ouertaken sir.
Black Will. Sblood come before me sir:
What a Diuell art thou?
King. A man at least.
Black. And art thou valiant.

King. I carry a ſword and Buckler yee ſee.

Black. A ſword and a buckler, and know not mee,
Not *Blacke Will?*

King. No truſt mee.

Blacke Will. Slaue, then thou art neither Traueller, nor Purſe-taker: for I tell thee, *Blacke Will* is knowne and feared through the ſeventeene Prouinces: ther's not a ſword & buckler man in *England* nor *Europe*; but has had a taſt of my man-hood. I am tole-free in all Cities and the Subburbs about them: this is my Sconce, my Caſtle, my Cittadell, and but King *Harry*, God bleſſe his Maieſtie, I feare not the proudeſt.

King. O yes, ſome of his guard.

Blacke Willi: Let his guard eats beefe and be thankefull, giue mee a man will couer himſelfe with his buckler, and not booge and the diuel come.

King. Me thinks thou wert better liue at Court as I doe,
King *Harry*, loues a man, I can tell yee.

Blacke Will. Would thou and all the men hee keepes were hangd, and ye loue not him then: but I will not change my reuenues for all his guards wages.

King. Haſt thou ſuch ſtore of living?

Blacke Wil. Art thou a good fellow?
May I ſpeake freely, and wilt not tell the King ont?

King. Keepe thine owne counſell, and feare not,
For of my faith the King ſhall know no more for me then thou telſt him.

Will. And I tell him any thing let him hang me: but for thy ſelfe, I thinke if a fat purſe come ith way, thou wouldſt not refuſe it. Therfore leaue the Court and ſharke with me, I tell thee, I am chiefe commaunder of all the Stewes, ther's not a whoore ſhifts a ſmocke, but by my priuiledge, nor opens her ſhop before I haue my weekly tribute: And to aſſure thee my valour carries credite with it, doe but walke with mee through the ſtreetes of *London*, and let mee ſee the proudeſt watch diſtrube vs.

King. I ſhall be glad of your conduct ſir.

Black. Follow me then, and ile tell thee more.

1 *Wat.* Stand, who goes there?

Black. A good fellow: come cloſe, regard them not.

2 *Watch.*

2 *VVatch.* How shall wee know thee to bee a good fellow?

Blacke Will. My names *Blacke Will.*

1 Oh, God giue yee goodnight, good Maister *Blacke William.*

2 God boye sir, God boye,
I am glad we are so well rid on him,

Will. Law sir, you see heres egresse enough, (againe.
Now follow me, and you shall see weele haue regresse backe

1 *Watch.* Hoe comes there?

Cob. Come afore the Constable.

Will. What haue ye forgot me so soone? tis I.

2 *VVatch.* O, tis Maister *Blacke William,*
God blesse ye sir, God blesse ye.

Black. How likst thou now?

King. Faith excellent: but prethe tell me, doest thou face the world with thy man-hood, that thus they feare thee, or art thou truly valiant?

Blacke Will. Stoote, doest thou doubt of my man-hoood, Nay then defend your selfe, ile giue you a tryall presently, betake yee to your tooles sir, ile teach ye to stand vpon Intergatories.

King. I am for ye, ther's neere a man the King keepes shall refuse ye: but tell mee, wilt thou keepe the Kings Acte for fighting.

Black. As ye please sir, yet because th'art his man, ile observe it, and neither thrust nor strike beneath the knee.

King. I am pleasd, haue at you sir. *They fight.*

1 *VVatch.* Helpe neighbours, O take yee to your browne Billes, call vp the Constable, heres a peece of chance-meddle ready to be committed: set on good-man *Sprichall.*

Cob. Ile ferke them a both sides, lye close neighbour *Dormouse,* keepe the kings peace, I charge ye, helpe M. Constable.

Enter the Constable.

Con. Keepe the peace or strike them downe.

Black. Sownes, I am hurt, hold I say.

2 *VVatch.* Let them not passe neighbours, heres blood-shed drawne vpon one of the Kings Officers.

Con. Take away their weapons, and since you are so hot,

Ile ſet you where you ſhall be coole enough.

Black Will. Sownes the Moones a wayning harlot, with the glimſe of her light I loſt his point, and miſtooke my ward, had neere brocht my blood elſe.

Con. Pray ſir what are you?

King. I am the Kings man ſir, and of his guard.

Con. More ſhame you ſhould ſo much forget your ſelfe,
For as I takte, tis parcell of your oath,
As well to keepe his peace, as guard his perſon:
And if a Conſtable be not preſent by,
You may as well as he, his place ſupply:
And ſeejng yee ſo neglect your oath and dutie,
Goe bare them to the Counter preſently,
There ſhall yee anſwere for theſe miſdemeanors.

2 Has broake my head ſir, and furthermore it bleeds.

Con. Away with them both, they ſhall pay thee well ere they come forth I warrant thee.

Will. I beſeech yee ſir.

King. Never intreat man, wee ſhall haue baile I doubt it not, But Maiſter Conſtable, I hope youle do me this fauour, to let one of your watchmen goe of an errand for me, if I pay him?

Con. With all my heart ſir, heres one ſhall goe.

King. Hold thee good fellow, heres an Angell for thee, goe thy way to *Baynards Caſtle*, and aske for one *Brandon*, he ſerues the Duke of *Suffolke*, and tell him his bedfellow, or the great ſtagge of *Baydon*, this night is clapt eth Counter, and bid him come ſpeake with me. Come Conſtable lets goe, ſirrha make haſt.

Exit.

Cob. I warrant you ſir, and this be all, jde haue done it for halfe the money: well, I muſt enquire for one *Brandon*, and tell him the great ſtag of *Baydon* is eth Counter, burlady I doubt they be both craftie knaues, and this is ſome watch-word betweene them: beth maſſe I doubt hee nere came well by his money, hees ſo liberall, well jle forward.

¶ *Enter Brandon, and Compton.*

Bran. Sir *William*, are you sure it was at *Grace-Church*
His Majestie appointed wee should meete him?
Wee haue been there and mist him, what thinke ye sir?
Comp. Good faith I know not.
His Highnesse is too venterous bold, my Lord:
I know he will forsake himselfe in this,
Opposing still against a world of oddes.
Bran. Good faith tis true: but soft here comes one,
How now good-fellow, whether goest thou?
Cob. It lyes in my authoritie sir,
To aske you that question.
For I am one of the Kings watch, I can tell ye.
Comp. Then perhaps thou canst tell vs some tidings:
Didst thou not see a good lustie tall bigge set man, passe through your watch to night?
Cob. Yes sir, there was such a man came to our watch to night, but none that past through, for he behaued himselfe so, that he was layd hold on quickly, and now he is forth comming in the Counter.
Bran. And whether art thou going?
Cob. Faith sir, has giuen me an Angell, to do an errand for him at *Baynards Castle*, to one *Brandon* that serues the Duke of *Suffolke*: he sayes he is his Bed-fellow, and I must tell him, the great stagge of *Baydon*, is eth Counter.
Bran. If thine errand bee to *Brandon*, I can saue thee a labour, for I am the man thou look'st for, we haue beene seeking him almost all this night: hold thee theres an Angell for thy newes, ile baile him I warrant thee.

Exit.

Cob. I thanke you sir: but hees not so soone bayld, as you thinke for, ther's two of the Kings watch has there heads broke, and that must be answered for, but alls won to mee, let them shuffell as they will, the Angel has flowne about to night, and two guls are light into my hands, and these ile keepe, let him get out as he can. *Exit.*

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Enter the King in Prison.

King. Hoe, *Porter*, whose without there?

Porter. Whats the matter now? will yee not goe to bed to-night?

King. No trust me, twill be morning presently,
And I haue hope I shall be bailde ere then:
I prethe if thou canst, entreate some of the prisoners to keepe me companie a paire of houres, or so: and weele spend them ethe rouse of healthes, and all shall be my cost.
Say, wilt thou pleasure me?

Port. If that will pleasure ye sir, ye shall not want for company, heres jnow that can tend it, they haue hunger and ease enough at all times.

King. Theres a couple of Gentlemen in the next roome, I prethe let them come in, and ther's an *Harrie* Soveraigne for thee.

Port. I thanke you sir, I am as much beholding to you, as to King *Harry* for it.

Exit.

King. I, I assure thee thou art.
Well M. Constable, you haue made the Counter
This night, the Royall Court of *Englands* King:
And by my crowne I sweare, I would not for
A thousand pound t'ware otherwise.
The Officers in Citties, now I see,
Are like an Orchard set with seuerall Trees,
Where one must cherish one, rebuke the other:
And in this wretched Counters I perceiue,
Money playes fast and loose, purchaces fauour,
And without that, nought but miserie.
A poore Gentleman hath made complaint to me,
I am vndone (quoth hee) and kept in prison,
For one of your fellowes that serues the King,
Beejng bound for him, and he neclecting me,
Hath brought mee to this woe and miserie.
Another Cittizen there is, complaines.

Of one belonging to the *Cardinall*,
That in his Maisters name hath taken vp
Commodities, valued at a thousand pound,
The payment beejng deferd hath caus'd him breake,
And so is quite vndone. Thus Kings and Lords I see,
Are oft abusde by seruants treacherie.
But whist a while, heere comes my fellow Prisoners.

Enter the Prisoners.

1 *Pris.* Wheres this Bullie *Grig*, this lad of life, that will scowre the Counter with right renish to night? Oh Sir you are welcome.

King. I thanke ye sir, nay weele bee as great as our word, I assure yee. Heere Porter, ther's money, fetch wine I prethe: Gentlemen you cannot bee merry in this melancholy place, but heres a Lad has his heart as light as his Purse. Sirra, thou art some mad slaue I thinke, a reguler companion: won that vses to walke a nights, or so. Art thou not?

1 *Pri.* Harke ethee eare, thart a good fellow.

King. I am right [illegible] I assure thee.

1 *Pri.* King [illegible], and thou a woman:
Shall I tea[illegible]
And tell thee w[illegible] heere?
I went and set my [illegible] wigs, and I thinke
I got some hundred pound
By a crooked measure at *Coome-Parke*:
And now seejng there was watch layd,
And much search for suspicious persons:
I got won as honest as my selfe to arrest me,
By a contrary name, and lay me eth counter,
And heere I know thayle nere seeke me,
And so when the heats ore, I am at libertie,
And meane to spend my crownes lustilie:
How likst thou this my Bullie?

King. An excellent pollicie.

1 *Pri.* But mum, no words: vse it for your selfe, or so.

King. O sir, feare it not, be merry Gentlemen: Is not this

wine come yet? Gods me, forget our chiefe guest, wheres my sword and buckler-man? wheres *Black Will*? how now man, melancholy? let not a little wipe make vs enemies, clap hands, and be friends.

Willi. My bloods vp still.

King. When tis at highest twill fall againe, come handes, (hands.

Black Will. Ile shake hands with thee, because thou carriest a Sword and Buckler, yet thart not right Cauelere, thou knowst not how to vse them, thaste a heauie arme.

King. I a good smart stroke.

Vil. Thou cutst my head indeed, but twas no play, thou layest open enough, I could haue entred at my pleasure.

King. Nay I haue stout guard I assure yee.

Wil. Childish to a man of valour, when thou shouldst haue borne thy Buckler heere, thou letst it fall to thy knee, thou gavest mee a wipe, but twas meere chance: but had wee not been parted, I had taught yee a little Schoole play I warrant yee.

Brandon speakes within.

Bran. What hoe, porter: who keepes the gates there?

Port. Who knocks so fast?

Enter Brandon and Compton hastily.

Comp. Stand by sirrah.

Port. Keepe backe I say, whither will ye presse amongst the prisoners?

Bran. Sirrah to the Court, and we must in.

Port. Why sir, the Courts not kept eth Counter to day.

Bran. Yes when the King is there,
All happinesse betide our Soveraigne.

Will. Sownes King *Harry*.

1 *Pri.* Lord I beseech thee no.

Omnes. Wee all intreat your grace to pardon vs.

King. Stand vp good men: beshrew you *Brandon* for discouering vs, we shall not spend our time so well this moneth: but thet's no remedy now, the worst is this,
The Court good fellowes must be remoued the sooner,
Ye all are courtiers yet. Nay, nay, come forward.
Even now you know we were more familiar:
You see pollicies holds not alwaies currant,

I am

I am found out, and so I thinke will you be:
Goe Porter let him be removed to *Newgate*,
This place I see is too secure for him:
Weele send you further word for his bestowing.

1 *Pri.* I beseech your grace.

King. Theres no grace in thee, nor none for thee:
Goe, away with him. *Exit Porter and Prisoner.*

Will. Sownes I shall to *Tyburne* presently.

King. Gentlemen, you that haue beene wrong'd by my servants and the *Cardinals*, shall giue me neerer notes of it,
Both what they are, and how much debt they owe yee:
Send your petitions to the Court to me,
And doubt not but you shall haue remedie:
Theres fortie Angels, drinke to King *Harries* health,
And thinke withall, much wrong Kings men may do:
The which their Maisters nere consent vnto.

2 *Pri.* God blesse your Majestie with happy life,
That thus respects your wofull subiects griefe.

King. Wheres *Black Will*, nay come neerer man,
I came neerer you though yee misliste my play.

Will. Seth Lord your Maiesties the best sword and buckler man in *Europe*, yelye as close to your wards, carrie your point as faire, that no Fencer comes neere ye for gallant Fence-play.

King. Nay, now ye flatter me.

Will. Foregod yee broake my head most gallantly.

King. I but twas by chance yee know, but now your heads broke, you looke for a plaster I am sure.

Will. And your grace will giue me leaue, Ile put it vppe and goe my waies presently.

King. Nay soft sir, the keeper will deny ye that priuiledge, Come hither sirrah, because yee shall know King *Harrie* loues a man, and I perceiue ther's some mettall in thee, theres twentie Angels for thee, marry it shall be to keepe yee in prison stil, till we haue further vse for ye. If ye can breake through watches with egres and regres so valiantly, yee shall doot amongst your countries enemies.

Will. The wars sweet King, tis my delight, my desire, my chaire of state, create me but a tattord Corporall, and giue me

some.

some preheminēce over the vulgar hot-shots, and I beat them
not forward to as braue attemps, and march my selfe jth
Vantguard, as ere carried against a Castle wall, breake my head
in two places more, and consume me with the mouth of a dou-
ble culuering, Ile liue and dye with thee sweet King.

King. Twill be your best course sir, goe take him in,
When wee haue need of men, weele send for him.

Will. God blesse your Majestie, jle goe drinke to your health.
Exit.

King. Begone sir, keeper I thanke you for our lodging,
Nay jndeed, I doe, I know had ye known vs, it had bin better,
Pray tell the Constable that brought vs hither,
Wee thanke him, and commend his faithfull service.
Gentlemen lets heare from you, and so God morrow,
Keeper, theres for my fees, discharge the offices:
And giue them charge that none discover vs,
Till we are past the Cittie: in this disguise we came,
Weele keepe vs still, and so depart againe.
Once more God morrow, you may now report,
Your counter was one night King *Henries* court.
Away and leaue vs, *Brandon* what further newes? *Ex.*

Bran. The old King of *France* is dead my Liege,
And left your sister *Marie* a young widdow,

King. God forbid man, what not so soone I hope,
She has not yet been married fortie daies:
Is this newes certaine?

Bran. Most true my Lord.

King. Alas poore *Mary*, so soone a widdow,
Before thy wedding robes be halfe worne out:
Wee must then prepare black funerall garments too,
Well, weele haue her home, the league is broake:
And weele not trust her safety with the French.
Charles Brandon, you shall goe to *Fraunce* for her,
See that your traine be richly furnished,
And if the daring *French* braue thee in attempts
Of honour, Barriers, Tilt, and Turnament:
So to retaine her, bare thee like thy selfe,
An *English* man, dreadlesse of the prowdest:

And

And highly scorning lowly hardinesse.

Bran. I shall my Soveraigne, and in her honour,
Ile cast a challenge through all the court:
And dare the proudest peere in *France* for her.

King. Commend me to the Ladie *Katherine Parry*,
Giue her this Ring, tell her on Sunday next
She Shall be Queene, and crownd at *Westminster*:
And *Anne* of *Cleaue* shall be sent home againe:
Come sirs, weele leaue the cittie, and the counter now,
The day begins to breake, lets hie to court,
And once a quarter wee desire such sport.

Exit.

Enter the Cardinall reading a letter, Bonner in his Bishops Robes.

Wool. My reverend Lord of *London*,
Our trustie friend, the King of *France* is dead,
And in his death, our hopes are hindred:
The Emperour too, mislikes his praises,
But wee shall crosse him fort I doubt it not:
And tread vppon his pompe imperiall,
That thus hath wrongd the English Cardinall.

Bone. Your graces letters by *Campeus* sent,
I doubt not but shall worke your full content.

Wool. I, that must be our safest way to worke,
Money will make vs men, when men stand out:
The Bastard *Fredericke* to attaine the place,
Hath made an offer to the *Cardinalls*,
Of threescore thousand pound, which we will pay,
Three times thrice double, ere we loose the day.

Enter Will Summers and Patch.

Patch. Come cousen *William*, Ile bring yee to my Lord *Cardinall* presently.

Will. I thanke yee cousen, and when you come to the court, Ile bring you to the King againe, yee know cousen, hee gauc

yee an angell.

Patch. I but he gaue me ſuch a blow oth eare for it, as I care not for comming jns ſight againe while I liue.

Wolſie. How now *Patch*, who haue you got there? what *Will Summers*, welcome good *William*.

Will. I thanke your grace, I hard ſay your Lordſhippe had made two new Lords here, and ſo the two old fooles are come to waite on them.

Bon. Wee thanke yee *William*.

Patch. Your Lordſhip will be well guarded, & we follow ye, The Kings foole, and the Cardinals, and wee are no ſmall fooles I aſſure yee.

Wil. No indeed, my couſen *Patch*, here is ſomething too ſquare to be ſet on your ſhooe, marrie and youle were him on your ſhoulder, the foole ſhall ride yee.

Wool. A ſhrewde foole *Bonner*, come hither *William*, I haue a quarrell to you ſince our laſt ryming.

Willi: About your faire Leman at *Charlton* my Lord, I remember.

Bon. You ſpeake plaine *William*.

Will. Yee never knew foole a flatterer I warrant yee.

Wool. Well *Wil*, jle trie your ryming wits once more,
What ſay you to this?
The bells hang hie, and lowd they crie, what do they ſpeake?

Will. If you ſhould die, theres none would crie, though your necke ſhould breake.

Wool. You are ſomething bitter *William*: But come on, once more I am for yee. A rod in Scoole, a whip for a foole, is alwaies in ſeaſon.

Will. A halter and a rope, for him that would be Pope,
Againſt all right and reaſon.

Wool. Hees toohard for me ſtill, Ile giue him ouer, come tell me *Will*, whats the newes at court?

Will. Marry my Lord, they ſay the King muſt bee married this morning,

Wool. Married *Will*, to whome I prethe?

Will. Why to my Ladie *Katherine Parry*, I was once by, when he was wooing on her, and then I doubted they would go

together shortly.

Wool. Holy Saint *Peter* sheeld his Maiestie,
She is the hope of *Luthers* heresie:
If she be Queene, the Protestants will swell,
And *Cranmer*, Tutor to the Prince of *Wales*,
Will boldly speake gainst *Romes* Religion,
But Bishops weele to court immediately,
And plot the downefall of these *Lutherans*:
You two are Tutors to the Princes *Mary*,
Still ply her to the *Popes* obedience,
And make her hate the name of protestant:
I do suspect that *Latimer* and *Ridly*,
Chiefe teachers of the faire *Elizabeth*,
Are not sound Catholiques, nor friends to *Rome*,
If it be so, weele soone remooue them all:
'Tis better they should die, then Thowsands fall.
Come follow vs. *Manit*, *Will*, and *Patch*.

Exeum omnes.

Will. Your Lords mad, till hee be at the wedding, twas marvell the King stole it so secretly and nere told him ont, but alls one, if he be married, let him play with his Queene to night: and then to morrow heele call for me, theres no foole toth wilfull still. What shall we do cousen?

Patch. Ile go get the key of the wine-seller, and thou and ile keepe a passage there to night.

Will. Wee haue but a little wit betweene vs already cousen, and so we should haue none at all.

Pat. When our wits be gone, weele sleepe eth seller, and lie without our wits for one night.

Will. Content, and then eth morning weele but wet them with an other cup more, and thaile shaue like a rasor all day after. Come close good cuzzes, let no bodie goe with vs, least they be drunke before vs, for fooles are innocents, and must be accessarie to no mans overthrow.

Exit.

41

Sound Trumpets.

Enter King, Queene Katherine, Cardinall, Seymer, Dudly, Gray. Enter Compton, crying Hoboyes.

King. Welcome Queene *Katherine*, ſeate thee by our ſide,
Thy ſight faire Queene, by vs thus dignified,
Earles, Barons, Knights, and Gentlemen,
Againſt yee all, weele be chiefe challenger,
To fight at Barriours, Tilt, and Turnament,
In honour of the faire Queene *Katherine*.

Quee. Wee thanke your highneſſe, and beſeech your grace,
Forbeare ſuch hazard of your Royall perſon,
Without ſuch honors is your handmaid pleaſde,
Obediently to yeeld all loue and dutie,
That may beſeeme your ſacred Maieſtie.

King. God a mercie, but where are our children?
Prince *Edward*, *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*,
The Royall iſſue of three famous Queenes,
How haps we haue not ſeene them heere to day?

Dud. They all my Liege attend your Maieſtie,
And your faire Queene, ſo within the preſence heere.

King. Tis well, *Dudly* call *Cranmer* in,
Hee is chiefe Tutor to our Princely ſonne,
For precepts that concernes diuinitie.

¶ *Enter Cranmer.*

And heere he comes, *Cranmer*, you muſt ply the Prince,
Let his waſt houres be ſpent in getting Learning:
And let thoſe linguiſts for choyce languages,
Be carefull for him in their beſt indeauours,
Bid Doctor *Tye*, ply him to Muſicke hard,
Hees apt to Learne, therefore be diligent,
He may requite your loue when we are gone.

Cran. Our care and dutie ſhall be had my Lord.

King. Wee thanke yee.
I tell thee *Cranmer* hee is all our hopes,
That what our age ſhall leaue vnfiniſhed,
In his faire raigne ſhall be accompliſhed.

Goe

Goe and attend him, how now *Will Summers*, whats the newes with you?

Enter Will Summers.

Will. I come to bid thee and thy new Queene Godmorrow. Looke to him *Kate* least he cozen thee, prouide ciuill Orenges enough, or heele haue a Lemman shortly.

Quee. Godamercie *Will*, thout tell me then, wilt thou not?

Will. I and watch him too, or let him nere trust me: but doest heare *Harrie*, because Ide haue thee haue the poores prayers, I haue brought thee some petitions, the Fryers and Priests pray too, but I thinke tis as children say grace, more for fashion then devotion, therefore the poores prayers ought to be soonest heard, because they beg for Gods sake, therefore I prethee dispatch them.

King. Read them *Seymer*.

Seymer. The humble petition of the Lady *Seaton*, for her distressed sonne, that hath in his owne defence, vnhappily hath slaine a man.

King. The Lady *Seaton*, Gods holy Mother,
Her sonne has had our pardon twise already,
For two stout Subiects that his hand hath slaine.

William. And any had said so but thou *Harrie*, jde haue told him a lide, hee nere kild but one, thou kildst the tother: for and thou hadst hang'd him for the first, the two last had been aliue still.

King. The foole tels true, they wrong our Maiestie
That seeke our pardon for such crueltie:
Away with it.

Will. Giue me it againe, it shall nere be seene more I assure ye: and I had known tad come for that purpose, it should nere haue been brought for *Will* I warrant yee.

Seymer. This other comes from two poore prisoners eth counter.

King. Wee know the jnside then, come giue them me,
Lord Cardinall, heeres one is dedicated to you.
Hold, read it: whose there? *Cumpton* enquire for *Rookesby* a Groome of the wardrope, and bring him hither.

Comp I will.

King. Cardinall, what find ye written there?

Woolsey. Mine owne discredit, and the vndoing of an honest citizen, by a false servant.

VVill. Tis not your foole my Lord I warrant ye.

VVool. No *Will*?

VVill. I thought so, I knew twas one of your knaues, for your fooles are harmelesse.

Quee. Wellsed *VVill*, thou loueſt thy maiſters credit I know.

VVill. I *Kate*, as well as any Courtier he keepes:
I had rather hee ſhould haue the poores praiers, then the Popes.

Quee. Faith I am of thy mind *VVil*, I thinke ſo too.

King. Take heed what yee ſay *Kate*, what a Lutheran?

VVool. Tis hereſie faire Queene, to thinke ſuch thoughts.

Queen. And much vncharitie to wrong the poore?

VVill. Well, and when the Pope is at beſt, he is but Saint *Peters* deputie, but the poore, preſent Chriſt, and therefore ſhould be ſomething better regarded.

King. Goe too foole.

VVool. Sirrha, youle be whipt for this.

VVill. Would the King wood whip thee and all the Popes whelpes out of *England* once, for betweene yee, yee haue rackt and puld it ſo, we ſhall be all poore ſhortly, you haue had foure hundred threeſcore pound within this three yeare for ſmoake-pence, you haue ſmoakte it yfaith: doſt heare *Harry*, next time they gather them, let them take the chimnies, and leaue the coyne behind them, wee haue claie enough to make bricke, though we want ſilver mines to make money.

King. Well *VVilliam* your tongue is priuiledgde.

VVool. But my good Liege, I feare theres ſhroder heads
Although kept cloſe, has ſet this foole a worke,
Thus to exſtirpe againſt his holineſſe.

Will. Doe not you thinke ſo my Lord, nor ſtomacke no bodie about it: yee know what the old Prouerbe ſaies, therefore be patient, great quarrellers ſmall credit winnes:
When fooles ſet ſtooles, and wiſe men breake their ſhinnes:
therefore thinke not on it, for jle ſit downe by thee *Kate* and

ſay

ſay nothing, for here comes one to be examined.

¶ *Enter Compton and Rookesby.*

King. O ſir, you're welcome, is your name *Rookesbie?*
Rookes. Your poore ſervant is ſo calde my Lord.
King. Our ſervant we geſſe ye by the cloath ye weare, but for your povertie tis doubtfull, your credit is ſo good. Lets ſee whats the mans name, ha! *Hopkins*, doe you know the man?
Rookes. *Hopkins?* No my Lord.
King. Had you neuer no dealings with ſuch a man?
Rookes. No, if it like your Majeſtie.
King. No, if it like our Maieſtie, ſaucie varlet:
It likes not our Maieſtie thou ſhould ſay no:
It likes vs not, thou lieſt for that we know.
You know him not, but he to well knowes you,
And lies jmpriſoned ſlaue, for whats thy due.
Rookeſ. Sure ſome envious man hath miſinformd.
King. Darſt thou denie it ſtill, out-facing knaue,
Mother a God, jle hang thee preſently.
Sirra ye lie: and though ye weare the Kings cloath,
Yet we dare tell ye ſo before the King:
Slaue thou doeſt know him.
Hee here complaines he is vndone by thee,
And the kings man hath cauſde his miſerie.
Yet youle out-face it ſtill, denie, forſweare, and lie ſir, ha?
Will. Not a word more, if thou loueſt thy life, vnleſſe thou'l confeſſe all, and ſpeake faire.
Rookeſ. I do beſeech your grace.
King. Out perjurde knaue, what doeſt thou ſerue the king
And darſt thou thus abuſe our Majeſtie:
And wrong my Subiects by thy trecherie?
Thinkſt thou falſe theefe, thou ſhalt be priuiledged
Becauſe thart my man, to hurt my people:
Villaine, thoſe that guard me, ſhall regard my honour:
Put off that coate of proofe, that ſtrong ſecuritie:
Vnder which ye march like a halbertere,
Paſſing through purgatorie, and none dare ſtrike:

45

A Seriants mace muſt not preſume to touch
Your ſacred ſhoulders with the Kings owne writ,
Gods deere Lady, does the cloth ye weare,
Such priuiledge and ſtrong prevention beare.
Ha, iſt *Rookesbie?*
Rookeſ. My Royall Lord.

Enter a Meſſenger in haſt.

King. Take that, and know your time to tell your Meſſage: Sirra, I am buſie.
Will. So, ther's one ſeru'd: I thinke you would take two more with all your heart, ſo you were well rid on him.
Rook. Your pardon good my Liege.
King. Ha, pardon thee: I tell thee did it touch thy life in ought, more then mine owne diſpleaſure, not the world ſhould purchaſe it, vilde Caitiffe: hadſt thou neglected this thy duty to our perſons danger: Hadſt thou thy ſelfe againſt me ought attempted, I might be ſooner wonne to pardon thee, then for a Subiects hatefull jniurie.
Queene. Let me jntreat your Grace to pardon him.
King. Away *Kate*, ſpeake not for him,
Out of my lenitie I let him liue,
Diſcharge him from my cloath and countenance,
To the Counter to redeeme his creditor,
Where he ſhall ſatisfie the vtmoſt mite
Of any debt, default or hinderance:
Ile keepe no man to blurre my credite ſo,
My cloath ſhall not pay what my ſervants owe.
Away with him. *Exit.*
Now my Lord *Cardinall*, ſpeakes not your paper ſo?
Car. Yes my good Lord, your grace hath ſhowne a patterne, to draw foorth mine by, I aſſure your Highneſſe,
The puniſhment inflicted on your man,
Is meant for my ſervants that beares ſuch minds,
Their Maiſters thus but ſerue them in their kinds.
King. Wheres this fellow now that brings this newes?
William. Hee is gone with a flea in his eare: But has left his

Meſſage

Message behind with my Lord *Dudley* here.

King. And whats the newes?

Dud. Duke *Brandon* my Liege.

King. Oh, hees returnde from *France*:
And who comes with him?

Dud. His Royall wife, my Lord.

King. Ha! royall wife: whose that?

Dud. Your highnesse sister, the late Q. of *France*.

King. Our sister Queene his wife: who gaue him her?

Gray. Tis sed they were maried at *Douer*, my Liege.

King. Twere better he had nere seen the Towne.
Dares any Subiect mixe his blood with ours, without our leaue?

¶ Enter Brandon and Mary.

Dud. He comes himselfe my Liege, to answere it.

Bran. Health to my Soveraigne.

King. And our brother king, your message is before ye sir:
Off with his head.

Bran. I beseech your grace giue me leaue.

King. Nay, you haue taken leaue, away with him, bid the Captaine of our guard, conuay him to the Tower.

Bran. Heere me my Lord.

King. Audacious *Brandon*, thinkst thou excuse shall serue.

Lady Mary. Right gracious Lord.

King. Go too, your praiers will scarce saue your selfe,
Durst ye contract your selfe without our knowledge?
Hence with that hare-braine Duke to the Tower I say,
And beare our carelesse sister to the Fleete:
I know sir, you broke a Lance for her,
And brauely did vnhorse the Challengers:
Yet was there no such prize set on her head,
That you without our leaue should marry her.

Queene. Oh my Lord, let me intreat for them.

King. Tut *Kate*, though thus I seeme
A while to threaten them,
I meane not to disgrace my sister so:

Away

Away with them. What say ye Lords,
Is he not worthy of death for his misdeed?
Bon. & Gar. Vnlesse your Grace shall please to pardon him.
King. He deserues it then?
Bon. & Gar. He does my Liege.
King. You are knaues and fooles, and ye flatter me:
Gods holy Mother, Ile not haue him hurt, for all your heads:
Deare *Brandon*, I imbrace thee in mine armes:
Kind sister I loue you both so well,
I cannot dart an other angrie frowne
To gaine a Kingdome: here take him *Mary*,
I hold thee happier in this English choyce,
Then to be Q. of *France*: *Charles*, loue her well.
And tell on *Brandon*, whats the newes in *France*,
Bran. The league is broke betwixt the Emperor
And the young King of *France*: Forces are mustring
On either part my Lord, for horse and foote.
Hot variance is expected speedily,
The Emperor is marching now to *Landersey*,
There to inuade the townes of *Burgondie*.
King. God and S. *George*, weele meet his Majestie.
And strike a league of Christian amitie.
Lord Cardinall, you shall to *France* with speed,
And in our name salute the Emperor,
Weele giue direction for your Embassage.
The next faire wind, shall make vs *France* to greet,
Where *Charles* the Emperor, and King shall meet.
Exit Omnes.

Enter Cranmer, Doctor Tye, and young Browne meets them with the Princes cloake and hat.

Cran. How now young *Browne*, what haue you there?
Brown. The Princes cloake and hat, my Lord.
Cran. Where is his Grace?
Brown. At Tennis, with the *Marquesse Dorset*.
Cran. You and the Marquesse, draw the Princes mind

To

To follow pleaſure, and neglect his booke,
For which the King blames vs. But credite me,
You ſhall be ſoundly paid jmmediately.

Bro. I pray ye good my Lord, ile goe call the Prince away.

Cran. Nay, Now ye ſhall not; whoſe within there ho?

Seruant. My Lord.

Brow. Goe beare this yongſter to the Chappel ſtreit,
And bid the Maiſter of the Children whippe him well:
The Prince will not learne ſir, and you ſhall ſmart for it.

Bro. O good my L. jle make him ply his booke to morrow.

Cran. That ſhall not ſerue your turne, away I ſay, *Exit.*
So ſir, this pollicie was well deuiſde: Since he was whipt thus for the Princes faults,
His grace hath got more knowledge in a moneth,
Than he attaind in a yeere before,
For ſtill the fearefull boy to ſaue his breech,
Doth hourely haunt him where ſo ere he goes.

Tye. Tis true my Lord, and now the Prince perceiues it,
As loath to ſee him puniſht for his faults,
Plies it of purpoſe to redeeme the boy,
But pray my Lord, lets ſtand aſide a while,
And note the greeting twixt the Prince and him,

Cran. See where the boy comes & the Kings foole with him,
Lets not be ſeene, but liſt their conference.

VVill. Nay boy, and yee crie youle ſpoyle your eye-ſight, come, come truſſe vppe your hoſe, you muſt hold faſt your wind, both before and behind, and blow your noſe.

Browne. For what foole?

VVill. Why for the mote in thine eye, is there not won in't, wherefore doſt thou crie elſe?

Br. I prethe *VVill* go call the Prince from the Tenniſcourt.

VVill. Doſt thou crie for that? nay then I ſmell a Ratte, the Prince has plaid the trewant to day, and his Tutors has drawne blood of thy buttocks fort: why boy tis honourable to bee whipt for a Prince.

Browne. I would he would either leaue the Tenniſcourt and plie his booke, or giue me leaue to be no Courtier.

VVill. I, for ile bee ſworne thy breech lies ith haſſard a-

bout it, but looke little Ned, yonder he comes.

Enter the Prince, and the young Marquesse with their Rackets, diuers attending.

Marq. Some Rubbers for the Prince.

Seruant. Heere my good Lord.

Prince. One take our Rackets, and reach me my Cloake, By my faith Marques, you are too hard for me.

Mar. Your grace will say so, though ye over-match me.

Prin. Why how now *Brawne*, whats the matter?

Bro. Your Grace loyters, and will not plie your booke, and your Tutors has whipt me for it.

Prin. Alas poore Ned, I am sorrie for it, i'le take the more paines, and intreat my Tutors for thee: yet in troth, the lectors they read me last night out of *Virgill* and *Ovid*, I am perfect in: onelie I confesse I am something behind in my Greek Authors.

Will. And for that speech, they haue declinde it vppon his breech.

Prin. And for my Logicke, thou shalt witnesse thy selfe I am perfect: for now will I prooue, that though thou wert whipt for me, yet this whipping was good for thee.

Mar. Ile hardly beleeue you my Lord, though Ramus himselfe should prooue it: well, *Probe.*

Prince. Marke my Probleme.

Bona virga facit bonum puerum:
Bonum est, te esse bonum puerum:
Ergo bona virga, res bona est: And that's this, Ned.

A good rodde makes a good boy: t'is good that thou shouldst be a good boy: (*ergo*) therefore a good rod is good.

Will. Nay berladie, the better the rodde is, it's the worse for him, that's certaine: but do'st heare me, boy; since hee can prooue a rodde to bee so good, let him tak't himselfe the next time.

Prin. In truth, I pitty thee, and inwardly I feele the stripes thou hadst, and for thy sake, Ned, ile plie my booke the faster;

in

in the meane time, thou shalt not say, but the Prince of Wales will honourably reward thy seruice : come *Browne*, kneele downe.

Will: What, wilt thou Knight him, Ned?

Pri. I will; my father ha's knighted many a one, that never sheedde droppe of blood for him; but hee ha's often for mee.

Will. O braue! he lookes like the myrrour of Knighthood alreadie.

Enter Compt. Cleere the presence, Gentlemen, the King is comming.

Prince. The King? gods me, reach me my booke: call my Tutors in: come *Browne*, ile confirme thy Knight-hood afore the King.

Enter the King.

Mar. Here be your Tutors, my Lord, and yonder the king comes.

Prin. Health to your Maiestie.

King. Godamercie Ned; I, at your booke so hard, t'is well, t'is well; now Bishop *Cranmer*, and good doctor *Tye*, I was going to the gallorie, and to haue had your Scholler with me, but seeing you'r so busie, ile not trouble him, come on *Will*, come, goe you along with mee, what make you among the Scollers heere?

Will. I come to learne my qui que quod to keepe mee from the rod: marre here's one was whipt in pudding time for he ha's gotten a Knight-hood about it: looke old *Harrie*, doe's he not looke more furious then he was wont.

King. Who *Will*, young *Browne*, Gods Mary Mother his father is a gallant Knight, as any these south parts of England holds.

Will. He cannot compare with his son tho, if he were right *Dousal delphebus*, or the verie Knight of the sonne himselfe, yet this Knight shall vnhorse him.

King. When was he made a Knight *Will*.

Will. Marrie ith last action, I can assure you, there was hot ser-

vice, and some on vm came so neere him, they had like to smelt out: but when all was done, the poore gentleman was pitifullie wounded in the backe partes, as may appeare by the scarre, if his Knightship would but vntrusse there.

King. But who knighted him, *VVilliam?*

VVil. That did Ned heere: and he has earnd it too, for I am sure, this two yeere he has been lasht, for his learning.

King. Ha, how, come hither Ned, is this true?

Pr. It is, my Lord, and I hope your highnesse will confirme my deed.

King. Confirme it, Gods holy Mother, what shrode boies are these? *Cranmer* and *Tye*, doe yee obserue the Prince, nowe by my Crowne young Ned thou hast honord me.

I like thy Kingly spirit that loues to see
Thy friends aduanc't to tipes of dignitie.
Young Knight come hither, what the Prince hath done
We here confirme, be still Sir *Edward Browne*:
But heare ye Ned, now you haue made him Knight,
You must giue him some living, or else tis nothing.

VVil. I by my troth, he is now but a Knight vnder *Forma papris*, for a Knight without liuing, is no better than an ordinarie Gallant.

King. Well, what will ye giue him *Ned?*

Prince. When I haue heard of something that may doe him good, I will jntreate your Majestie for him, and ith meane time from mine owne allowance, Ile mainetaine him.

King. Tis well said: but for your sake sonne *Edward*, wele provide for him; *Cranmer*, see presentlie a Patent drawne, wherein wee will confirme to him from our Exchequer a Thousand Markes a yeere.

Bro. I thanke your Maiestie.
And as I am true Knight, Ile fight and die for ye.

VVill. Now if your Tutors come to whipe ye, you may chuse whether youle vntrusse byth order of armes.

King. Well *Ned*, see yee plie your learning, and lets haue no More Knights made in this Action, looke to him *Browne*,

if hee loyter, his Tutors will haue you vp for't.

Browne. I hope my Lord, they dare not whip me now.

King. Berladie Sir, thats doubtfull.

Will. If they doe, hee shall make thee a Lord, and then they dare not.

King. Well *Cranmer* weele leaue ye, when your pupyll has done his taske ye set him now, let him come and visite vs: on Gentlemen into the Gallerie.

Pri. Heaven keepe your Maiestie.

Gentlemen draw neere.

Exit.

Tye. God morrow to your Grace.

Pri. God morrow Tutors at noone, tis God even, is it not?

Cran. Wee saw not your grace to day.

Pr. O ye quippe me cunningly for my Trewantship, that I was not at my booke to day, but I haue thought of that yee read last night, I assure ye.

Cran. Wee doubt it not faire Prince: Lords, Gentlemen giue leaue.

Will. All voide the roome, theres but Schollers and Fooles.

Cran. I hope your excellence can answere me in that axiom of Philosophie, I propounded to yee.

Prince. I promise ye Tutor, tis a Probleme to me, for the difference of your Authors opinions, makes me differ in mine owne: some say, *Omne animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*, that euerie living creature is, or man, or beast.

Will. Then a womans a beast, for shees no man.

Pr. Peace *Villiam* youle be expul'st else: And againe some Authors affirme, that euerie beast is foure-footed.

Will. Then a Fooles no beast, for he has but two.

Prin. Yet againe *Will.*

Will. Mum Ned, no words, ile be as still as a small bagpipe.

Cran. *Omne Animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*: And thus tis

prooued.

prooued my Lord, *Omne Animal, est rationalis, vel irrationalis; homo est rationalis, Bestia irrationalis,*

Ergo omne Animal homo est, vel Bestia:

Mongst all the creatures in this Vniuerse,
Or on the earth, or flying in the ayre,
Man onely reason hath, others onelie sence,
So what is onelie sensuall, is not man, but beast.
For man both sence and reason hath:

So everie creature, having one of these, is sure, or man or beast: and though all beasts are not foure-footed.

Will. Thats certaine, a louse has sixe.

Cran. I beseech your grace.

Pr. Away *William.*

Will. Not a word more as I am *William.*

Cran. For many beasts haue wings seruing in stead of feet, and some haue hornes, of which we thus esteeme, *Animal cornutum non habet dentes supremas,* No horned beast hath teeth aboue the roofe.

Will. Thats a lye, a Cuckold has.

Pr. I thrust the foole out of the presence there.

Will. Well, *Cedant arma toge,* The schollers shall haue the fooles place. *Exit Will.*

Pr. Well *Cranmer,* you haue made me able to prooue a man no beast, if hee prooue not himselfe so, weele now leaue this: And now resolue me for Diuinitie, *Cranmer* I loue yee, and I loue your Learning, speake and weele heare yee:
God giue ye truth that you may giue it me,
This Land ye know stands wavering in her Faith,
Betwixt the Papists and the Protestants,
You know we all must die, and this flesh
Part, with her part of immortalitie,
Tutor, I do beleeue both Heaven and Hell:
Doe you know any third place for the soules abode,
Call'd Purgatorie, as some would haue me thinke,
For from my Sister *Marie* and her Tutors,
I haue oft receiued letters to that purpose:
I loue ye *Cranmer,* and shall beleeue what ere ye speake,
Therefore I charge ye tell the truth.

Cran.

Cran. How thinks you grace, is there a place of Purgatorie or no?

Pr. Truly I thinke none, yet must I vrge to you whats laid
To me, this world you know hath been Fiue Thousand yeeres
Still encreasing, still decreasing, still replenish't,
How long it twill be, none knowes but hee that made it;
Wee all do call our selues gods children, yet sure some are not,
But thinke ye Tutor that the compasse of that heaven and hell
Is able to containe those soules so numberlesse,
That ever breathed since the first breath was given,
Without a *Tertium*, or a thrid place.

Cran. Who puts these doubts within your Graces head
Are like their owne beleefe, slite, and vnregarded,
And is as easilie answered and confuted:

Quod est infinitum, non habet finem,
Cælum est opus Dei, opus Dei est infinitum:
Ergo Cælum, est infinitum.

That which is jnfinite hath no end at all,
For that eternitie, that everlasting essence,
That did concord heaven, earth, and hell to be,
Is of himselfe all jnfinite, that heaven and hell are so,
His power, his workes, and words do witnesse it,
For what is jnfinite, hath in it selfe no end,
Then must the heavens which is his glorious seat,
Be jncomprehensible containing him,
Then what should need a third place to containe
A world of jnfinites so vast and maine.

Prince. I thanke ye *Cranmer*, and doe beleeue ye.
What other proofes haue been maintain'd to me
Or shalbe, you shall know and ayd me in them:
Ynough for this time, who's there? Doctor *Tye*
Our Musicks Lecturer? pray draw neere: Indeed I take much delight in ye.

Tye. In Musick may your Grace ever delight,
Though not in me, Musicke is fit for Kings,
And not for those knowes not the chime of strings.

Pri. Truely I loue it yet there are a sort
Seeming more pure than wise, that will vpbrayd at it,

55

Calling it idle, vaine, and frivolous.

Tye. Your Gaace hath said, indeed they do vpbraid
That tearme it so, and those that doe are such
As in themselues no happy concords hold,
All Musicke jars with them, but sounds of good,
But would your grace a while be patient,
In Musicks praise, thus will I better it.
Musicke is heavenly, for in Heaven is Musicke,
For there the Seraphins doe sing continually,
And when the best was borne, that ever was man,
A Quire of Angels sang for joy of it,
What of Celestiall was reueald to man,
Was much of Musicke, tis sayd the beasts did worship,
And sang before the Deitie supernall,
The kingly Prophet sang before the Arke,
And with his Musicke charmd the heart of *Saule*,
And if the Poet fayle vs not my Lord,
The dulcet tongue of Musicke made the stones
To mooue, irrationall beast, and birds to daunce,
And last, the Trumpets Musicke shall awake the dead,
And cloath their naked bones in cotes of flesh,
T'appeare in that high house of Parliament,
When those that gnash their Teeth at Musicke sound,
Shall make that place where Musicke nere was found.

Pr. Thou giuest it perfect life, skilfull Doctor
I thanke thee for the honour'd praise thou giuest it,
I pray thee lets heare it too.

Tye. Tis ready for your Grace, giue breath to your loud (tun'd instruments.

Loud Musicke.

Pr. Tis well, me thinks in this sound I prooue a compleat age,
As Musicke, So is man govern'd by stops,
Aw'd by diuiding notes, sometimes aloft,
Sometime below, and when he hath attain'd,
His high and loftie pitch, breathed his sharpest and most
Shrillest ayre, yet at length tis gone,
And fals downe flat to his conclusion, (*Soft Musicke.*)
Another sweetnesse, and harmonious sound,

A milder ſtraine, another kind agreement,
Yet mong'ſt theſe many ſtrings, be one vntun'd
Or jarreth low, or higher than his courſe,
Not keeping ſteddie meane among'ſt the reſt,
Corrupts them all, ſo doth bad men the beſt.

Tye. Inough, Let voyces now delight his princely eare.

A Song.

Pr. Doctor, I thanke you and commend your cunning,
I oft haue heard my Father merrily ſpeake,
In your high praiſe, and thus his Highneſſe ſaith,
England, one God, one truth, one Doctor hath
For Muſicks Art, and that is Doctor *Tye*,
Admir'd for skill in Muſickes harmonie.

Tye. Your Grace doth honor me with kind acceptance,
Yet one thing more, I doe beſeech your Excellence
To daine, to Patronize this homely worke,
Which I vnto your grace haue dedicate.

Pr. What is the Title?

Tye. The Acts of the holy Apoſtles turn'd into verſe,
Which I haue ſet in ſeverall parts to ſing,
Worthy Acts, and worthily in you remembred.

P. Ile pervſe them, and ſatisfie your paines,
And haue them ſung within my fathers Chappell:
I thanke ye both. Now Ile craue leaue awhile
To be a little jole: pray let our lingguiſtes,
French and Italians, to morrow morne be ready,
I muſt conferre with them, or I ſhall leeſe
My little practiſe, ſo God-den good Tutors. *Exit.*

Cran. Health to your Highneſſe, God increaſe your daies:
The hope of *England*, and of learnings praiſe.

Enter Bonner and Gardiner reading.

Bon. What haue ye heere my Lord of Wincheſter?

Gard. Hereticall and damned hereſies,
Precepts that *Cranmers* wiſedome taught the Prince,
The Pope and wee are held as hereticks,
What thinkſt thou *Bonner* of this wavering age?

Bon. As Sea-men do of ſtormes, yet hope for faire weather,
Berlady *Gardiner* we muſt looke about,

The Proteſtants begin to gather head,
Luther hath ſowne well, and Englands grownd
Is fatte and fertile to jncreaſe his ſeed,
Heres loftie plants, what, Biſhops and prelats,
I nobility temporall, but we ſhall temper all
At the returne of our high Cardinall.

Gard. *Bonner* tis true, but in meane time we muſt
Prevent this rancker that now ſwels ſo big,
That it muſt out, or breake, they haue a dangerous head,
And much I feare.

Bon. What not the King I hope?

Gard. Tis doubtfull hee will bend, but ſure
Queene *Katherins* a ſtrong *Lutheran*, hard ye not
How in preſence of the King and Cardinall,
She did exſtirpe againſt his holineſſe.

Bon. But had our Engliſh Cardinall once attaind,
The high poſſeſſion of Saint *Peters* Chaire,
Heed barre ſome tongues that now haue ſcope too much,
Tis hee muſt doo't *Gardiner*, t'is a perilous thing,
Queene *Katherine* can do much with *Englands* King.

Gard. I *Bonner*, thats the ſumme of all,
There muſt be no Queene, or the Abbies fall.

Bon. See where ſhe comes with the Kings Siſter,
And from the Princes lodging, lets ſalute her.

Gard. God morrow to your Maieſtie.

Queene. God morrow to my reverent Lords of London and of Wincheſter, ſaw ye the King to day?

Bon. His Highneſſe was not yet abroad this Morning,
But heere wee will attend his excellence.

Quee. Come ſiſter weele go ſee his Maieſtie.

La. Ma. We will attend yee Maddam.

Queen. Gentlemen ſet forward, God morrow Lords.

Gard. Ill morrow muſt it be to you or vs,
Conſpirators gainſt men religious,
Bonner, theſe Lutherans do conſpire I ſee,
And ſcoffe the Pope and his ſupremacie.

Bon. Lets ſtrike in time then, aud jncenſe the King,
And ſodainely their ſtates to ruine bring:

The

The Trumpets sounds, it seemes the Queene is comming,
Weele watch and take advantage cunningly.

Enter the King, Queene, Lady Mary, Brandon, Seymer Gray, and Dudley.

King. Wheres *Brandon*?

Bran. My Liedge.

King. Come hether *Kate.*

Bran. Did your Grace call?

King. Ile speake we anon, Ile speake we anon: Come *Kate* lets walke a little, whose there? my Lords of London and of Winchester, welcome, welcome: by this your Maister the *Cardinall* I troe, has parted with the Emperour, and set a league betweene the *French* and him; Mother of God,
I would our selfe in person had beene there,
But *Wolseys* diligence we need not feare,
Ha, thinke yee he will not.

Gard. No doubt he will my Lord.

King. I *Gardner* twill be his best pollicie,
Their friendship must advance his dignitie.
If ere he get the Papall governance.

Dud. And that will never be I hope.

Seymer. Twere pittie it should.

Gray. Hee's proud enough already.

King. Haw, whats that yee talke there.

Bran. They say my Lord hee's gone with such a traine,
As if he should be elected presently.

King. Fore-god tis a gallant Priest, come hether *Charles*, prithee let me leane a thy shoulder, by Saint *George*, *Kate* I grow stiffe methinks.

Quee. Wilt please your highnesse sit and rest your selfe?

King. No, no *Kate*, Ile walke still, *Brandon* shall stay mine arme, jme fat and pursie, and twill get me a stomack; Sawst the Prince to day *Kate*?

Quee. I my good Lord.

King. God blesse him, and make him fortunate, I tell yee Lords, the hope that *England* hath, is now in him, fore-god I thinke old *Harry* must leaue yee shortly; well, Gods will bee

done, heerle be old shuffling then, ha will there not; well, you say nothing, pray God there be not, I like not this difference in religion I, Gods deere Lady, and I hue but seven yeeres longer, weele take order throughly.

Bon. We heare that *Luther* out of Germanie
Hath writ a booke vnto your Maiestie,
Wherein he much repents his former deeds,
Craving your Highnesse pardon, and withall,
Submits himselfe vnto your Graces pleasure.

King. *Bonner* tis true, and we haue answered it,
Blaming at first his haughtie insolence,
And now his lightnesse and inconstancie,
That writ he knew not what so childishly.

Gar. Much bloodshed there is now in Germanie,
About this difference in religion,
With Lutherans, Arians, and Anabaptists,
As halfe the Province of *Heluetia*,
Is with their tumults almost quite destroyde.

Quee. Me thinks twere well my Royall Soveraigne,
Your Grace, the Emperour, and the Christian Kings,
Would call a Counsaile and pervse the bookes,
That *Luther* writ against the Catholiques,
And superstitions against the Church of *Rome*,
And if they teach a truer way to heaven,
Agreeing with the Hebrew Testament,
Why should they not be read and followed?

King. Thou saist well *Kate*, so they agree with the scriptures,
I thinke tis lawfull to peruse and read them, speake Bishops?

Gar. Most vnlawfull my deere Soveraigne,
Vnlesse permitted by his Holinesse.

Qu. How prooue ye that my Lord?

King. Well sed *Kate*, to them againe good wench, Lordes giue vs leaue a while, avoide the presence there, we'll heare the Bishops and my Queene dispute.

Quee. I am a weake Scholler my Lord,
But on conditiõ that your highnesse, nor these reverent Lords,
Will take no acceptions at my womans wit,
I am content to hold them Argument:

And

When you see me, you know me.

And first with reuerence to his Maiestie.
Pray tell me, Why would you make the King beleeue,
His Highnesse and the people vnder him,
Are tide so strictly to obay the Pope?

Bon. Because faire Queene he is Gods Deputie.

Quee. So are all Kings; and God himselfe commands
The King to rule, and people to obay,
And both to loue and honour him:
But you that are sworne seruants vnto *Rome*,
How are ye faithfull Subiects to the King,
When first ye serue the Pope, then after him?

Gar. Madame these are that sectes of Lutherans,
That makes your highnesse so mistake the Scriptures,
Your slender Arguments thus answered
Before the King, God must be worshipped.

Quee. Tis true, but pray ye answere this:
Suppose, the King by Proclamation,
Commaunded you, and every of his Subiects,
On paine of death, and forfeit of his goods,
To spurne against the Popes authoritie:
Ye know the Scripture binds ye to obay him,
But this I thinke, if that his Grace did so,
Your slight obedience all the world should know.

King. Gods-mother *Kate.* thoust toucht them there,
What say yee to that *Bonner*?

Bon. Were it to any but her Maiestie,
These questions were confuted easily.

Quee. Pray tell the King then, what Scripture haue yee,
To teach religion in an vnknowne language?
Instruct the ignorant to kneele to Saints,
By Bare-foote pilgrimage to visite shrines,
For money to release from Purgatorie,
The vildest villaine, theefe, or murderer,
All this the people must beleeue you can,
Such is the dregs of *Romes* religion.

Gard. I, those are the speeches of those Hereticks,
Cranmer, *Ridley*, and blunt *Latimer*,
That dayly raile against his holinesse,

Filling

Filling the Land with hatefull heresies.

Quee. Nay be not angry nor mistake them Lords,
What they haue said or done, was mildly followed,
As by their Articles are evident.

King. Where are those Articles *Kate?*

Quee. Ile go and fetch them to your Maiestie,
And pray your highnesse view them gratiously.

Exit. Queene.

King. Go fetch them *Kate*: a sirra, we haue women doctors,
Now I see, Mother a God, here's a fine world the whilste,
That twixt so many mens opinions,
The holy Scriptures must be banded thus.

Gard. God graunt it breed no farther detriment,
Vnto your Crowne and sacred dignitie:
They that would alter thus religion,
I feare they scarcely loue your Royall person.

King. Ha! take heed what you say *Gardner.*

Gard. My loue and duty to your Maiestie,
Bids me be bold to speake my conscience,
Vnlesse your safetie and your life they hate,
Why should they dayly thus disturbe the state.
To smooth the face of false rebellion,
Proud traytors will pretend religion.
For vnder colour of reformation
The vpstart followers of *Wickcliffes* doctrine,
In the fift *Henries* dayes arise in armes:
And had not dilligent care prevented them,
Their powers had sodainely surpris'd the King,
And good my Liege who knowes their proud intent,
That thus rebell against your gouernment.

King. Shrode proofes berlady and by Saint *Peter*,
I sweare we will not trust their gentlenesse,
Speake *Gardner* and resolue vs speedily,
Whose the ring-leader of this lustie crew?

Bon. Vnlesse your highnesse please to pardon vs,
We dare not speake nor vrge your Maiestie.

King. Wee pardon what yee speake, resolue vs speedily.

Gard.

Gard. Then if your Royall person will be safe,
Your life preserud and this faire Realme in peace,
And all these troubles smoothly pacifide,
The Queene deere Lord must be remooued from you.
King. Haw, the Queene, bold Sir advise ye well,
Take heed ye do not wrong her loyalty.
Gard. See heere my Liege are proofes too manifest,
Her highnesse with a sect of *Lutherans*,
Haue priuate meetings, secret conventicles,
To wrest the grounds of all religion:
Seeking by tumults to subvert the state,
The which without your Maiesties consent,
Is treason capitall against the Crowne.
Bon. And seeing without the knowledge of your grace.
They dare attempt these daungerous stratagems,
Tis to be fearde which heauen wee pray prevent,
They do conspire against your sacred life.
Gard. Why else, should all these priuate meetings bee,
without the knowledge of your Maiestie?
King. Mother a God these proofes are probable,
And strong presumptions doe confirme your words,
within there, ho?

¶ *Enter Compton.*

Comp. My Lord.
King. Sir *William Compton* see the doores made fast,
Dubble our guard, let none come neere our person,
Summon the Counsell to conferre with vs,
Bid them attend vs in the privy chamber,
Comp. Heere is a letter for your maiestie
From *Martyn Luther* out of Germany.
King. Dambd *Scysmaticke* still will hee trouble vs,
With bookes and ietters, leaue it and be gone.
Exit Compton.
The villaine thinks to smooth his treachery,
By fawning speeches to our Maiestie,
But by my *George* Lord Bishops if I liue,

Cran. My Lord.

Pr. Where is *Francisco* our Italian Tutor:

Cran. He does attend your Grace without my Lord.

Pr. Tell him anon we will conferre with him,
Weele plie our learning *Browne* least you be beaten.
We will not haue your Knighthood so disgrast.

Brow. I thanke ye good my Lord,
And your Grace would but a little plie your learning,
I warrant yee Ile keepe my Knighthood from breeching.

Prin. Faith *Ned* I will: how now what letter's that?

1 *Seruant.* From your Graces sister the Lady *Mary*.

Prin. Come giue it me, we gesse at the contents.
Cranmer, my sister oft hath writ to me,
That you and Bishop *Bonner* might conferre,
About these points of new religion,
Tell me Tutor will yee dispute with him.

Cran. Withall my heart my Lord, and wish the King,
Would daine to heare our disputation.

Prin. What hast thou there?

2 *Ser.* A letter from your Royall sister, young *Elizabeth*.

Prin. Another letter ere we open this,
Well we will view them both immediately,
I pray yee attend vs in the next Chamber,
And Tutors if I call ye not before,
Giue me some notice, if the King my Father
Be walkt abroad, I must go visite him.

Tye. We will faire Prince.

Prin. What sayes my sister *Mary*? she is eldest,
And by due course must first be answered.

¶ *The blessed Mother of thy redeemer, with all the Angels and holy Saints be intermissers to preserue thee of Idolatrie, to inuocate the Saints for helpe.*

Alas good Sister, still in this opinion,
These are thy blinded Tutors, *Bonner*, *Gardner*,
That wrong thy thoughts with foolish heresies,
Ile read no farther: to him will *Edward* pray.
For preservation, that can himselfe preserue me,
Without the helpe of Saint or ceremonie.

What writes *Elizabeth*, sweet sister thou hast my heart,
And of Prince Edwards loue hast greatest part.

Sweete Prince I salute thee with a Sisters loue,
Be stedfast in thy faith, and let thy prayers
Be dedicate to God onely, for tis hee alone
Can strengthen thee, and confound thine enemies,
Giue a setled assurance of thy hopes in heaven,
God strengthen thee in all temptations,
And giue thee grace to shun Idolatrie,
Heauen send thee life to inherite thy election,
To God I commend thee, who still I pray preserue thee.
Thy loving Sister *Elizabeth*.

Loving thou art, and of me best beloved.
Thy lines shalbe my contemplations cures,
And in thy vertues will I meditate,
To Christ Ile onely pray for me and thee: *Enter Cranmer.*
This I imbrace, away Idolatrie,
How now *Cranmer*, where's the King?
Cran. Conferring with his counsell gratious Prince,
There is some earnest businesse troubles him:
The Guards are doubled, and commandment giuen,
That none be suffered to come neere the presence,
God keepe his Maiestie from traitors hands.
Pr. Amen good *Cranmer*, what should disturbe him thus?
Is Cardinall *Wolsey* yet returnd from *France*?
Tye. I my good Lord, and this day comes to court.
Prince. Perhaps this hastie businesse of the King,
Is touching *Wolsey*, and his Embassage.
Cran. Pray God it be no worse my Lord. *En. Compton.*
Tye. Heere comes Sir *William Compton* from his highnesse.
Comp. Health to your excellencie.
Pri. What newes sir *William*?
Comp. The King expects your Graces companie,
And wils your highnesse to come and speake with him.
And Doctor *Cranmer*, from his maiestie,
I charge ye speedily to leaue the Court,

And come not neere the Prince on paine of death,
Without direction from the King and Peeres.
Cran. Sir I obay yee, God so deale with me,
As I haue wisht vnto his Maiestie.
Prin. *Cranmer* banisht the Court, for what I pray?
Comp. I know not gratious Lord, pray pardon me,
Tis the Kings pleasure; and trust me I am sorry
It was my hap to bring this heavie message.
Cran. Nay good sir *William*, your message moues not me,
My service to his Royall maiestie
Was alwaies true and iust, so helpe me heauen:
Onely I pray your grace to mooue the King,
That I may come to tryall speedily,
And if in ought I haue deserued death,
Let me not draw another minutes breath. *Exit Cranmer.*
Compt. Will ye go my Lord.
Pr. Not yet, we are not your prisoner, are we sir?
Comp. No my deere Lord.
Pri. Then goe before, and we will follow yee,
Your worship will forget your selfe I see, *Enter Tye.*
My tutor thrust from court so sodainelie, this is strange.
Tye. The Queene my Lord is come to speake with you.

Enter the Queene.

Prin. Auoide the presence then, and conduct her in,
Ile speake with her, and after see the King.
Queene. Leaue vs alone I pray yee.
Prin. Your grace is welcome, how fares your Maiestie.
Quee. Neuer so ill deare Prince, for now I feare,
Even as a wretched caitiffe kild with care,
I am accusde of treason, and the King
Is now in counsell to dispose of me,
I know his frowne is death, and I shall die.
Prin. Who are your accusers?
Quee. I know not.
Prin. How know yee then his Grace is so incenst.
Quee. One of my Gentlemen passing by the presence,
Tooke vp this bill of accusation.

When you see me, you know me.

Wherein twelue Articles are drawne against me,
It seemes my false accusers lost it there,
Heere they accuse me of conspiracie,
That I with *Cranmer*, *Latimer*, and *Ridley*,
Do seeke to raise rebellion in the state,
Alter Religion, and bring *Luther* in,
And to new government inforce the King,

Prin. Then thats the cause that *Cranmer* was remooued,
But did your highnesse ere confer with them?
As they haue heere accusde yee to the King.

Quee. Never, nor euer had I one such thought
As I haue hope in him my soule hath bought.

P. Then feare not gratious Maddam, Ile to the King,
And doubt not but Ile make your peace with him.

Quee. O pleade for me, tell him my soule is cleere,
Neuer did thought of treason harbor heere,
As I intended to his sacred life,
So be it to my soule or joy or greefe.

P. Stay heere till I returne, Ile mooue his Maiestie,
That you may answere your accusers presently. *Exit Prince.*

Quee. O I shall never come to speake with him,
The Lyon in his rage is not so sterne,
As Royall *Henrie* in his wrathfull spleene,
And they that haue accusde me to his grace,
Will worke such meanes I neare shall see his face,
Wretched Queene *Katherin*, would thou hadst beene
Kate Parre still, and not great *Englands* Queene. *En. Compt.*

Com. Heath to your Maiestie.

Quee. Wish me good *Compton* woe and miserie,
This giddie flattering world I hate and scoffe,
Ere long I know Queene *Katherins* head must off.
Came ye from the King?

Compt. I did faire Queene, and much sad tidings bring,
His grace in secret hath reueild to me
What is intended to your Maiestie,
Which in loue and duty to your highnesse,
Am come to tell ye and to counsell ye
The best I can in this extreamitie.

Then

Then on my knees I dare intreat your grace,
Not to reueale what I ſhall ſay to you,
For then I am aſſurd that deaths my due.

Queen. I will not on my faith, good *Compton* ſpeake,
That with thy ſad reports my heart may breake.

Compt. Thus then at your faire feete my life I lay,
In hope to driue your highneſſe cares away:
You are accuſde of high conſpiracie
And treaſon gainſt his Royall Maieſtie.
So much they haue incenſt his excellencie,
That he hath granted firme commiſſion
To attach your perſon and conuay ye hence,
Cloſe priſoner to the Towre, Articles are drawne,
And time appointed for arrainement there.
Good Madame be aduiſde, by this I know,
The officers are ſent to arreſt your perſon;
Prevent their Malice, haſt ye to the King.
Ile vſe ſuch meanes that you ſhall ſpeake with him,
There plead your innocēcie, I know his grace
Will heare ye mildly therefore delay not,
If you be taken ere you ſee the King,
I feare ye neuer more ſhall ſpeake to him.

Quee. Oh *Compton* twixt thy loue and my ſage feare,
I feele ten thouſand ſad vexations heere,
Leade on I pray, Ile be aduiſd by thee,
The King is angrie and the Queene muſt die. *Exit.*

Enter Bonner and Gardner with the Commiſſion.

Gard. Come *Bonner* now ſtrike ſure the yrons hott.
Vrge all thou canſt, let nothing be forgot.
We haue the Kings hand heere to warrant vs,
Twas well the Cardinall came and ſo luckily,
Who vrgd, the ſtate would quite be ruined,
If that Religion thus were altered.
Which made his highneſſe with a fiery ſpleene,
Direct our warrant against the Queene.

Bon. Twas excellent, that Cardinall once orethrowne,

To

To crop the lower shrubs let vs alone.
Gard. Those Articles of accusations,
We framd against her being lost by you,
Had like to ouerthrow our pollicy,
Had we not stoutly vrgd his maiestie.
Bon. Well well, what's now to be done.
Gard. A gard must be provided speedily,
To beare her prisoner, vnto London Tower,
And watch convenient place to arest her person.
Bon. Tush any place shall serue, for who dare contradict
His highnesse hand, even from his side weele hale her,
And beare her quickly, to her longest home,
Least we and ours by her to ruine come.
Gard. About it then, let them vntimely die,
That scorne the Pope and *Romes* supremacie. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Prince, the Guard before them.

King. Guard, watch the doores and let none come neere vs,
But such as are attendant on our person:
Mother a God tis time to sturre, I see,
When traitors creepe so neere our Maiestie:
Must English *Harry* walke with armed guards
Now in this old age, must I feare my life,
By hatefull treason of my Queene and wife.
Pri. I do beseech your Royall Maiestie,
To heere her speake ere ye condemne her thus.
King. Go too *Ned*, I charge ye speake not for her,
shes a dangerous traitor, how now, who knocks so loud there.
Gard. Tis Cardinall *Wolsie* my Lord.
King. And it be the Devill, tell him he comes not heere.
Bid him attend vs till our better leasure:
Come hither *Ned*, let me conferre with you.
Didst ever heare the disputation
Twixt *Cranmer* & the Queene about religion.
Prince. Never my Lord, I thinke they neuer yet,
At any time had speech concerning it.

King.

King. O thou art deceiued *Ned*, It is too certaine, *knocks.*
Hoyday more knocking, knock yrons an his heeles,
And beare him hence what ere he be disturbe vs, who ist?
Gard. Sir *William Compton* my Liege.
King. Ist he, well let him in, Gods holy Mother, heer's a stur indeed, *Compton* ye knocke too lowd for entrance heere. You care not though the King bee neere so neere, say yee sir haw.
Compt. I do beseech you pardon for my bouldnesse.
King. Well what's your busines.
Compt. The Queene my Lord intreats to speake with you,
King. Body a me, is she not rested yet.
Why doe they not conuay her to the Tower,
We gaue commission to attach her presently,
Where is she?
Compt. At the doore my Soueraigne.
King. So neere our presence, keepe her out I charge ye.
Bend all your Holbeards points against the dore,
If she presume to enter strike her through,
Dare she presume againe to locke on vs.
Pr. Vpon my knees, I do beseech your highnesse
To heare her speake.
King. Vp *Ned*, stand vp I will not looke on her,
Mother a god stand close and guard it sure,
If she come in, ile hang ye all I sweare.
Pr. I doe beseech your Grace.
King. Sir boye no more, ile heere no more of her,
Proud slut, bould traitresse,, and forgetfull beast,
Yet dare she further mooue our patience.
Pri. Ile pawne my Princely word, right Royall Father,
She shall not speake a word to anger ye.
King. Will you pawne your word for her, mother a god
The Prince of *Wales* his word is warrant for a King,
And we will take it *Ned*, go call her in. *Enter Queene.*
Sir *William* let the guard attend without,
Reach me a chaire all but the Prince depart.
How now, what do you weepe and kneele,
Dus your blacke soule the gylt of conscience feele,

Out, out, you are a traytor.

Quee. A traytor, O you all ſeeing powers,
Here witneſſe to my Lord my loyalty!
A traitor. O then you are too mercifull,
If I haue treaſon in me, why rip you not
My vglie heart out with your weapons point,
O my good Lord, if it haue traitrous bloud,
It will be blacke, deform'd, and tenebrous,
If not, from it will ſpring a ſcarlet fountaine,
And ſpit defiance in their perjur'd throats
That haue accuſde me to your Maieſtie,
Making my ſtate thus full of miſerie.

Kin. Canſt thou denie it?

Quee. Elſe ſhould I wrongfullie accuſe my ſelfe,
O my deare Lord I do beſeech your highneſſe
To ſatisfie your wronged Queene in this,
Vpon what ground growes this ſuſpition,
Or who thus wrongfullie accuſeth me,
Of curſed treaſon gainſt your Maieſtie?

Kin. Some probable effects my ſelfe can witneſſe,
Others our faithfull ſubiects can teſtifie:
Haue you not oft maintained arguments,
Even to our face againſt religion:
Which joynd with other complots, ſhow it ſelfe,
As it is gathered by our loyall ſubiects,
For treaſon Capitall againſt our perſon,
Gods holie mother youle remooue vs quickly,
And turne me out, old *Harrie* muſt away,
Now in mine age, lame and halfe bed-rid,
Or elſe youle keepe me faſt jnough in priſon,
Haw, miſtris, theſe are no hatefull treaſons theſe.

Quee. Heaven on my fore-head write my worſt intent,
And let your hate againſt my life be bent,
If ever thought of jll againſt your Majeſtie,
Was harbord here, refuſe me gratious God,
To your face my Liege, if to your face I ſpeake it,
It manifeſts no complot, nor no treaſon,
Nor are they loyall that ſo injure me;

What I did ſpeake, was as my womans wit,
To hold out Argument could compaſſe it,
My punie Schollerſhip is held too weake
To maintaine proofes about religion,
Alas I did it but to waſt the time,
Knowing as then your grace was weake and ſicklie,
So to expell part of your paine and griefe:
And for my good intent they ſeeke my life,
O God, how am I wrong'd.

Kin. Ha, ſaiſt thou ſo, was it no otherwiſe.

Quee. What ſhould I ſay, that you might credite me,
If I am falſe, heaven ſtrike me ſodainlie.

King. Bodie a mee, what everlaſting knaues are theſe that wrong thee thus, alas poore *Kate*, come ſtand vp, ſtand vp, wipe thine eies, wipe thine eies, fore-god twas told me that thou wert a traitor: I could hardlie thinke it, but that it was applide ſo hard to me, Gods-mother *Kate* I feare my life I tell yee, King *Harrie* would bee loath to die by treaſon now, that has bidde ſo many brunts vnblemiſhed, yet I confeſſe that now I growe ſtiffe, my Legges faile mee firſt, but they ſtand furthieſt from my heart, and thats ſtill ſound, I thanke my God, giue me thy hand, come kiſſe me *Kate*, ſo now jme friends againe, hurſon knaues, craftie varlets, make thee a traitor to old *Harries* life, well, well, jle meet with ſome on them, Sfoote come ſit on my knee *Kate*, Mother a god he that ſayes th'art falſe to me, by *Englands* crowne jle hang him preſently.

Quee. When I haue thought of jll againſt your ſtate,
Let me be made the vildeſt reprobate.

King. Thats my good *Kate*, but bith marie God, Queene *Katherine* you muſt thanke Prince *Edward* here,
For but for him th'adſt gone toth Tower I ſwere.

Quee. I ſhall be ever thankfull to his Highneſſe,
And pray for him and for your Maieſtie.

King. Come *Kate* weell walke a while eth Garden heere, who keepes the doore there?

Comp. My Lord.

King. Sit *William Compton*, here take my Ring,

Bid Doctor *Cranmer* haſt to Court againe,
Giue him that token of King *Henries* loue,
Diſcharge our guards, we feare no traitors hand,
Our ſtate, beloved of all doth firmely ſtand:
Go *Compton.*

Comp. I goe my Lord.

King. Bid *Wolſey* haſt him to our Royall preſence,
Great *Charles* the mighty Romaine Emperour,
Our Nephew, and the hope of Chriſtendome
To ſee his Vncle and the Engliſh Court;
Wee'le entertaine him with imperiall port:
Come hither *Ned.*

Enter Bonner and Gardner with the Guard.

Gar. Fellowes, ſtay there, and when I call, come forward,
The ſervice you purſue is for the King;
Therefore I charge ye performe it boldlie,
We haue his hand and ſeale to warrant it.

Guard. Wee'le follow you with reſolution ſir,
The Church is on our ſide, what ſhould we feare?

Gar. See yonder, ſhees talking with his Maieſtie,
Thinke you wee may attempt to take her heere?

Bon. Why ſhould we not, haue we not firme commiſſion
to attach her any where? be bold, and feare not:
Fellowes come forward.

King. How now whats heere to doe?

Quee. The Biſhops it ſeemes my Lord would ſpeake with you.

King. With bills and holberds, well, tarrie there *Kate,*
Ile go my ſelfe; Now wherefore come you?

Gard. As loyall Subiects to your ſtate and perſon,
We come to apprehend that traiterous woman.

King. Y'are a couple of drunken knaues and varlets,
Gods holy Mother ſhe is more true and iuſt,
Then any Prelate that Subornes the Pope:
Thus to vſurpe vpon our gouernment?

Call

Call you her traytor? y'are lying beastes and false conspiratours.

Bon. Your Maiestie hath seene what proofes we had.

King. Heere you *Bonner*, you are a whorson coxcombe,
What proofes had ye, but treasons of your owne inventions?

Queene O my deare Lord, respect the reverent Bishops.
Bonner and *Gardner* loues your Maiestie.

King. Alas poore *Kate*, thou think'st full little what they come for;
Thou hast small reason to commend their loues,
That falsly haue accusde thy harmeles life.

Quee. O God, are these mine enimies?

Gard. We haue your highnesse hand to warrant it.

King. Lets see it then.

Gard. Tis heere my Liege.

King. So, now yee haue both my hand to contradict what one hand did: and now our word againe shall serue as warrant to beare you both as prisoners to the Fleete.
Where you shall answere this conspiracie.
You fellowes that came to attach the Queene,
Lay hands on them, and beare them to the Fleete.

Quee. O I beseech your highnesse on my knees,
Remit the doome of their imprisonment.

Kin. Stand vp good *Kate*, thou wrongst thy Maiestie,
To plead for them that thus haue injurde thee.

Quee. I haue forgotten it, and do still intreate
Their humble pardons at your gratious feet.

King. Mother a God, what a foolish woman's this,
Well, for her sake we revoke our doome,
But come not neere vs as you loue your liues:
Away and leaue vs, you are knaues and miscreants,
Whorson Caitifes, come to attach my Queene!

Quee. Vex not my Lord, it will distemper you.

¶ *Enter Brandon.*

King. Mother a God, Ile temper some on them for't
How now *Brandon?*

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Bran. The Emperour my Lord,
King. Get a traine readie there, *Charles Brandon* come
Weele meet the Monarke of jmperiall *Rome*:
Go *Ned*, prepare your selfe to meet the Emperour,
Weele send you further notice of our pleasure.

¶ *Enter Cardinall and Will.*

Attend the Prince there : Welcome Lord Cardinall,
Hath not our tedious journey into *France*,
Disturbed your Graces health and reverent person?
Will. No, no, ne're feare him *Harry*, he haz got
More by the journey, heele be Pope shortly.
King. What *William*, how chance I haue not seene you to day? I thought you would not haue beene the hindmost man to salute me.
Will. No more I am not *Harry*, for yonder is Patch behind me, I could never get him before mee since thou conjurst him j'th great Chamber, all the horses j'th towne cannot hawle him into thy presence I warrant thee.
King. Will he not come in?
Will. Not for the world, he stands watching at the dore,
Hee'le not stirre while the Cardinall come;
Then the foole will follow him euerie where.
Wool: I thanke you *William*, I am beholding to you still.
Will. Na my Lord, I am more beholding vnto you, I thanke your Foole for it, we haue ransakled your Winesellers since you went into *France* : Doe you blush my Lord? na, thats nothing, you haue Wine there is able to set a colour in any mans face I warrant it.
King. Why *William*, is the Cardinals wine so good?
Will. Better then thine jle besworne, jle take but twoo handfulls of his Wine, and it shall fill foure Hogges-heads of thine, (looke here else.)
Wool: *Mor dieu.*
Will. Mor divell, jst not? for without conjuring you could never doe it : But I pray you my Lord call vppon *Mor dieu* no longer, but speake plaine English, you haue deceiued the King

in

in French and Latine long enough a conſcience.

King. Is his wine turned into gold, *Wil?*

Wool. The foole miſtakes, my gratious Soveraigne.

Will. I, I my Lord, ne're ſet your wit to the fooles, *Will Summers* will be ſecret now, and ſay nothing. If I would be a blabbe of my tongue, I could tell the King how many barrells full of Gold and Silver there was, ſixe times filled with plate and jewels, twentie great Trunkes with Croſſes, Croſiers, Copes, Miters, Maces, Golden Crucifixes, beſides the foure hundred & twelue thouſand pound that poore Chimneys paid for Peter pence. But this is nothing, for when you are Pope, you may pardon your ſelfe for more knaverie then this comes to.

King. Go to foole, you wrong the Cardinall,
But grieue not *Woolſey*, *William* will be bold:
I pray you ſet on to meet the Emperour,
The Maior and Cittizens are gone before.
The Prince of *Wales* ſhall follow preſently,
And with our *George* and Coller of eſtate,
Preſent him with the order of the Garter:
Great *Maximilian* his progenitour,
Vpon his breaſt did weare the Engliſh Croſſe,
And vnderneath our Standerd marcht in armes,
Receiving pay for all his warlike hoſte;
And *Charles* with Knigh-hood ſhall be honored:
Beginne Lord Cardinall, greete his Maieſtie,
And we our ſelfe will follow preſentlie.

Wool. I go my Soveraigne.

Will. 'Faire weather after yee:
Well, and ere he come to be Pope, I ſhall be plung'd for this.

Queene. *William*, you haue angred the Cardinall I can tell you.

King. T'is no matter *Kate*, Ile anger him worſe ere long,
Though for a while I ſmooth it to his face:
I did ſuſpect what heere the foole hath found,
He keepes forſooth a high Court Legantine,

Taxing

Taxing our ſubiects, gathering ſummes of gold,
Which he belike hath hid to make him Pope;
A Gods name let him, that ſhall be our owne.
But to our buſineſſe, come Queene *Katherin*,
You ſhall with vs to meet the Emperour,
Let all your Ladies be in readineſſe:
Go, let our guard attend the Prince of *Wales*,
Vpon our ſelfe, the Lords and Pentioners
Shall giue attendance in their beſt array, *Sound.*
Let all eſtates be ready; come faire *Kate*,
The Emperour ſhall ſee our Engliſh ſtate.

Sound.

Enter Emperour, Cardinall, Maior, and Gentlemen.

Wool. Your Maieſtie is welcome into *England*,
The King our Maiſter, will reioyce to ſee
Great *Charles* the Royall Emperours Maieſtie.
Empe. Wee thanke your paines my good Lord Cardinall.
And much our longing eyes deſires to ſee
Our Kingly Vncle and his Princely Sonne,
And therefore, when you pleaſe I pray ſet on.
Wool. On gentlemen, and meete the Prince of *Wales*,
That comes fore-runner to his Royall father,
To entertaine the Chriſtian Emperour:
Meane while your Maieſtie may heere behold
This warlike Kingdome faire *Metropolis*,
The Citty *London*, and the River *Thames*,
And note the ſcituation of the place.
Empe. We do my Lord, and count it admirable:
But ſee Lord Admirall, the Prince is comming.

Sound.

Enter the Prince with a Herald before him, bearing the Coller and Garter, the guard and Lords attending.

Empe. Well met young couſen.
Prince. I kiſſe your highneſſe hand,
And bid you welcome to my Fathers land,

I shall not need inferre comparisons,
Welcome beyond compare, for so your Excellencie
Hath honoured England, in containing you,
As with all princely pompe and state wee can,
Weele entertaine great *Charles* the Austrian:
And first, in signe of honour to your Grace,
I heere present this Collar of estate,
This golden Garter of the knight-hoods order,
An honour to renowne the Emperour:
Thus as my Father hath commanded me,
I entertaine your Royall Maiestie.

Empe. True honoured off-spring of a famous King,
Thou dost amaze me, and dooft make me wish
I were a second sonne to *Englands* Lord,
In interchange of my imperiall seate;
To liue with thee faire hope of Maiestie,
So well our welcome we accept of thee,
And with such princely spirit pronounce the word,
Thy fathers state, can no more state afford.

Prin. Yes my good Lord, in him theres Maiestie,
In me theres loue with tender infancie. *Sound Trumpets.*

Wool. The trumpets sound my Lord, the King is comming.

Prin. Go all of you attend his Royall person,
Whilst we obserue the Emperours Maiestie.

Sound.

¶ *Enter the Heralds first, then the Trumpets, next the guard, then Mace bearer and Swords, then the Cardinall, then* Brandon, *then the King, after him the Queene, Lady* Mary, *and Ladies attending.*

King. Hold, stand I say.
Bran. Stand gentlemen.
Wool. Cease those trumpets there.
King. Is the Emperour yet come in sight of vs?
Wool. His Maiestie is hard at hand my Lord.
King. Then *Brandon*, sheath our Sword, and beare our

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Maces downe,
In honour of my Lord the Emperour:
Forward againe.

Bran. On Gentlemen afore, ſound trumpets and ſet forwards.

Pri. Behold my Father gratious Emperour.

Empe. Weele meet him Cooſen:
Vnckle of *England*, King of *France* and *Ireland*, defender of the ancient Chriſtian faith;
With greater joy I do embrace thy breaſt,
Then when the ſeven electors crowned me,
Great Emperour of the Chriſtian Monarchie.

King. Great *Charles*, the firſt Emperour of *Almayne*, King of the Romans, *Semper Auguſtus*, warlike King of *Spaine* and *Cicily*, both *Naples*, *Navar* and *Arragon*, King of *Creete* and great *Ieruſalem*, Arch-duke of *Auſtria*, Duke of *Millaine*, *Brabant*, *Burgundy*, *Tyrrell* and *Flaunders*, with this great title I embrace thy breaſt,
And how thy ſight doth pleaſe, ſuppoſe the reſt;
Sound Trumpets while my faire Queeene *Katherine*
Giues entertainment to the Emperour. *Sound.*
Welcome againe to England Princely Cooſen,
Wee dwell heere, but in an outward continent,
Where Winters ice-cickles hangs on our beards,
Bordring vpon the frozen Orcades,
Our Mother-point, compaſt with the Artick ſea,
Where raging *Boreas* ſtyes from winters mouth,
Yet are our bloods as hot, as where the Sunne doth riſe,
Wee haue no golden mines to leade you to,
But hearts of proofe, and what wee ſpeake, weele do.

Empe. We thanke you Vnckle, and now muſt chide you;
If wee be welcome to your Countrey,
Why is the ancient league now broke betwixt vs?
Why haue your Heralds in the French Kings cauſe,
Breathed defiance againſt our dignitie,
When face to face, wee met at *Landerſey*?

King. My Heralds to defie your Maieſtie?
Your grace miſtakes, Wee ſent Embaſſadors

To

To treate a peace betweene the French and you,
Not to defie you as an enemy.
Empe. Yet Vnckle in King *Henries* name he came,
And boldly to our face did giue the same.
Card. Hell stop that fatall boding Emperours throte,
That sings against vs this dismall Ravens note.
King. Mother of God, if this be true, wee see,
There are more Kings in *England* now then wee:
Wheres Cardinall *Woolsey?*
Heard you this newes in *France?*
Wool. I did my Liege, and by my meanes twas done,
Ile not deny it; I had Commission
To joyne a league betwixt the French and him,
Which he withstanding as an enemie,
I did defie him from your Maiestie.
King. Durst thou presume so, bace-borne Cardinall,
Without our knowledge to abuse our name;
Presumptious traitor, vnder what pretence
Didst thou attempt to braue the Emperour?
Belike thou meantst to levell at a Crowne,
But thy ambitious crowne shall hurle thee downe.
Wool. With reverence to your Maiestie, I did no more
Then I can answere to the holy sea.
King. Vilaine, thou canst not answere it to me,
Nor shadow thy insulting trecherie:
How durst ye sirra in your Embassage,
Vnknowne to vs, stampe in our Royall coyne
The base impression of your Cardinall hat,
As if you were copartner in the Crowne?
Ego & Rex meus: you and your King must be
In equall state, and pompe, and Maiestie:
Out of my presence hatefull impudencie.
Wool. Remember my Liege that I am Cardinall
And deputie vnto his holinesse.
King. Be the divells Deputie, I care not I,
Ile not be baffeld by your trechery;
Y'are false abusers of Religion,
You can corrupt it and forbid the King,

Vpon the penaltie of the Popes blacke curſe,
If he ſhould pawne his Crowne for ſouldiers pay,
Not to ſuppreſſe an old religious Abbey,
Yet you at pleaſure haue ſubverted foure,
Seizing their Lands, tunning vp heapes of Gold,
Secret conveiance of our Royall Seale,
To raiſe Collections to inrich thy ſtate,
For which ſir, we command you leaue the Court,
We heere diſcharge you of your offices:
You that are *Caiphas*, or great Cardinall,
Haſt ye with ſpeed vnto your Biſhopricke,
There keepe you, till you heere further from vs:
Away, and ſpeake not.

Wool. Yet will I prowdly paſſe as Cardinall,
Although this day define my heavy fall. *Exit.*

Empe. I feare King *Henry*, and my royall Vnckle,
The Cardinall will curſe my progreſſe hither.

King. No matter coofen, beſhrew his trecherous heart,
Haz moou'd my blood to much impatience.

Enter Will Summers.

Wheres *Will Summers?* come on wiſe *William*,
Wee muſt vſe your little witts, to chaſe this
Anger from our blood againe:
What art thou doing?

Will. I am looking round about the Emperour, mee thinks tis a ſtrange ſight, for though he haue ſeene more fooles then I, yet I never ſaw no more Emperours but him.

Empe. Is this *Will Summers?* I haue heard of him in all the Princes Courts in Chriſtendome.

Will. Law ye my Lord, you haue a famous foole of mee, I can tell yee,
Will Summers is knowne farre and neere yee ſee.

King. I, are you ryming *William*, na, then I am for yee, I haue not rymed with ye a great while, and now Ile challenge ye, and the Emperour ſhall be iudge betweene vs.

Will. Content my Lord, I am for ye all, come but one at once and

and I care not.

King. Say ye so sir, come *Kate*, stand by mee,
Weele put him to a nonplus pre-

Quee. To him *Will.* (sently.

Will. I warrant you Madam.

King. Answere this sir,
The bud is spread, the Rose is red, the leafe is greene,

Will. A wench t'is sed, was found in your bed, besides the Queene.

Quee. Godamercy for that *Will*,
Theres two Angels for thee:
Ifaith my Lord I am glad I know it.

King. Gods mother *Kate*, wilt thou beleeue the foole? hee lies, he lies, a sirra *William*, I perceiue and't had beene so, you would haue shamed me before the Emperour, yet *VVilliam* haue at you once more,
In yonder Tower, theres a flower, that hath my hart.

VVil. Within this houre, she pist full sower, and let a fart.

Empe. Hees too hard for you my Lord, j'le trie him one venie my selfe, what say you to this *VVilliam*?
An Emperour is great, high is his seate, who is his foe?

VVil. The wormes that shall eate, his carkas for meate, whether he will or no.

Empe. Well answered *VVill*, yet once more I am for yee,
A ruddy lip, with a cherry tip, is fit for a King.

VVill. I, so he may dip, about her hip, i'th tother thing.

Empe. Haz put me downe my Lord.

VVill. Who comes next then?

King. The Queene *VVilliam*, looke to your selfe;
To him *Kate*.

Quee. Come on *VVilliam*, answere to this,
What cold I take, my head doth ake, what phisick's good?

VVill. Heeres one will make, the cold to breake, and warme your blood.

Quee. I am not repulst at first *VVilliam*, againe sir,
Women and their wills, are dangerous ills, as some men suppose.

VVill. She that puddings fills, when snow lies o'th hills, must keepe cleane her nose.

King. Inough good *William*, y'are too hard for all:
My Lord the Emperour, wee delay too long,
Your promiſed welcome to the Engliſh Court,
The honourable order of the Garter,
Your Maieſtie ſhall take jmmediately,
And ſit inſtalde therewith in *Windſor* Caſtle,
I tell yee there are lads girt with that order,
That will vngirt the prowdeſt Champion:
Set forwards there, regard the Emperours ſtate,
Firſt in our Court weele banquet merrily,
Then mount on ſteedes, and girt in compleat ſteele,
Weele tugge at Barriers, Tilt and turnament:
Then ſhall yee ſee the Yeomen of my guard
Wreſtle, ſhoote, throw the ſledge, or pitch the barre,
Or any other actiue exerciſe:
Thoſe triumphs paſt, weele forthwith haſt to *Windſor*,
Saint *Georges* knight ſhall be the Chriſtian Emperour.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.